

JANUARY

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Barry Swache

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET, whose photograph, taken at her home, Maiden Bradley, near Warminster, appears on the cover this week, is the wife of the eighteenth Duke of Somerset, who succeeded his father in 1954. She is the daughter of the late Major J. C. C. Thomas, of Bude, Cornwall, and married the Duke in 1951. The Duke and Duchess have a son, Lord Seymour, who is three years old, and a daughter, Lady Anne Seymour, born in 1954. The Dukes of Somerset are descended from the famous Sir Edward Seymour, who became Lord Protector of England and first Duke of Somerset in 1546, and possessed unlimited powers for several years during the reign of his nephew Edward VI

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 11 to January 18

Jan. 11 (Wed.) Dance in aid of the British Sailors' Society at the Café de Paris under the chairmanship of Lady Prescott. H.E. the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel will attend as patrons.

Racing at Hurst Park (2 days).

Jan. 12 (Thurs.) Gala Première of the new René Clair film *Summer Manoeuvres* at the Academy Cinema.

Young Contemporaries Exhibition, R.B.A. Galleries, to Feb. 4.

The National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria (three days) at Olympia.

Jan. 13 (Fri.) Mrs. Donald McCorquodale's dance for her daughter at Ednam House, Kelso.

Hunt Balls: Grafton Hunt at Tyringham House, near Wolverton.

Crawley and Horsham at Arundel Castle.

Racing at Haydock Park and Lingfield Park (two days).

Jan. 14 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Scotland v. France at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

Racing at Stratford-on-Avon.

Jan. 15 (Sun.) Oxford go up for the Hilary term.

Tchaikovsky concert, Albert Hall, 7.30.

Jan. 16 (Mon.) Harrow School go back.

London Ball at Dorchester in aid of National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls Clubs. Viscountess Duncannon, chairman.

Racing at Birmingham (two days).

Jan. 17 (Tues.) Cambridge go up for the Lent term.

Josef Krips conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with the first appearance in London of eleven-year-old pianist Daniel Barenboim. Royal Festival Hall.

Jan. 18 (Wed.) The Queen visits King Edward VII's School at King's Lynn.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

IN LONDON NOW

"SAILOR BEWARE" (Strand Theatre)
Peggy Mount in the enormously funny domestic farce.

"THE BUCCANEER" (Lyric, Hammer-smith)
Sandy Wilson's entertaining musical play about a boys' magazine.

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)
The musical play that has swept London with its freshness and charm.

"THE FAMOUS FIVE," "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Princes)
Two Enid Blyton Christmas plays. "Noddy in Toyland" matinees only. Laughter and thrills for the younger generation.

"CINDERELLA" (Palace)
The only pantomime running in the West End, with David Nixon.

"DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE" (Empress Hall)
A magnificent spectacle. Clowns, acrobats and glorious skating.

"THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS" (Fortune)
An effective dramatization of the immortal fairy story.

"PETER PAN" (Scala)
Peggy Cummins plays the boy who would not grow up, in Barrie's classic.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Players Theatre Club)
Adapted from the French, is the subject for this theatre's annual gay harlequinade.

"LET'S MAKE AN OPERA" (Royal Court Theatre)
Benjamin Britten's popular operatic entertainment for children.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Royal Festival Hall)
This famous fairy tale has a special accent on the ballet this year, with Anton Dolin, Violetta Elvin and a corps de ballet. Also in the cast are Alfred Marks and Valentine Dyall.

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's)
The popular skit on the twenties, with tunes that have been whistled for months.

"THE WATER GIPSIES" (Winter Garden)
The enchanting musical by A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis about life on a Thames barge, with Dora Bryan, Peter Graves and Jerry Verno.

"THE CRAZY GANG" (Victoria Palace)
Everyone (and equally no one) knows what to expect from these inimitable masters of nonsense. A most hilarious evening.

"LISTEN TO THE WIND" (Arts Theatre Club)
A charming entertainment for children and their parents.

"PAINTING THE TOWN" (Palladium)
Norman Wisdom with Ruby Murray and a large company keep up a great pace.

"MEET ME ON THE CORNER" (Hippodrome)
Max Bygraves is the cheerful personality at the centre of this gay musical show.

"THE PAJAMA GAME" (Coliseum)
Joy Nichols, Edmund Hockridge and Max Wall in a swift, tuneful, energetic American musical.

"FAMILY FUN" (Adelphi)
Harry Corbett with his well-loved television puppet Sooty.

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia)
This great annual show is better even than ever, and includes the popular Fun Fair.

TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS and Wild West Show (Harringay Arena)
The second half of this circus introduces authentic characterizations of famous stars of the West, including Buffalo Bill.


"ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" (Chelsea Palace)
Binnie Hale, Leslie Henson, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Walter Crisham, in a beautifully acted dramatization of the Lewis Carroll classic.

"BABES IN THE WOOD ON ICE" (Empire Pool, Wembley)
Jewel and Warriss and a great cast in this glittering ice spectacle.



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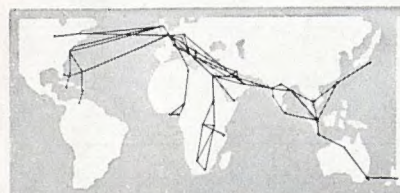


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A Highland bride: Viscountess Stormont

VISCOUNTESS STORMONT was, before her marriage to Viscount Stormont last month, Miss Pamela Foster, daughter of Lady Cochrane of Cults and Mr. N. D. Foster, of Port of Spain, Trinidad. The wedding was held at St. James's Church, Cupar, Fife, and afterwards at Crawford Priory, home of the bride's mother and stepfather, while the newly married

couple are spending their honeymoon in Madeira. Viscount Stormont is the only son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, of Logie House, Logiealmond, Perthshire. Lady Stormont, who is twenty-one, went to school in Switzerland. She is keenly interested in dressmaking, the theatre, and French cooking, and has travelled extensively

AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE PEKES

VERONICA, two and a half, and Lucinda, five, seen with their Pekinese friends, are the youngest daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Buxton, of Norman House, Stanstead, Essex. Mr. Buxton is the author of *The King In His Country* the successful shooting biography of the late King which was published last year. He also paints in watercolours and had an exhibition of his landscapes in London a year or two ago. Mrs. Buxton is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Birkin, the racing motorist



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE NEW YEAR AT SANDRINGHAM

THE Queen, with Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family saw the New Year in quietly at Sandringham with a few near friends. It has been the usual happy family party there with, of course, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their children, and the Duchess of Kent with her family. Princess Alexandra of Kent left before the New Year to stay with Sir John and Lady McEwen and their sons and daughter-in-law at their home in Berwickshire. There she was able to enjoy a real Hogmanay as they celebrate it in Scotland, and to attend the Berwickshire Hunt Ball the night before, followed by a lawn meet at Sir John's home.

The pheasant shooting around Sandringham has been good this season and the men of the Royal party have been out with their guns most days, with other guests staying in the house and neighbours in the district whom the Queen and Prince Philip have invited.

The Queen has also been able to enjoy seeing her stud at Sandringham and her great horse Aureole who is at stud there. These happy unofficial days will draw to an end in a couple of weeks, when the Queen and Prince Philip leave England by air on January 27 for their tour of Nigeria. Official engagements of the other members of the Royal Family begin about the twentieth of this month.

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MANY people saw the New Year in at the Limelight Ball at the Savoy. I looked in for a short while and found the ballroom full. Tickets had been sold out several days before and Lady Pulbrook, chairman of the ball, who looked charming in a sapphire blue satin dress, told me they had reached their target of over £3,000 clear profit for the Royal London Society for the Blind.

Hundreds of balloons were strung up to the ceiling to be released at midnight, and carnival hats and all sorts of favours were distributed around the tables where red candles shone in

silver candelabra. As I arrived at about eleven, some of the guests were trying to ride a wooden horse which had been placed in the centre of the floor and gave much amusement, while a wonderful tombola had been arranged in the River Room which also attracted much attention. Here I met Mr. Pascoe, who is on the committee of this society for helping the blind, and had worked indefatigably for the event. Another member, Mr. Clark, made a charming short speech just before the cabaret, thanking everyone for supporting this very good cause and especially Lady Pulbrook for all the work she had put in for it. Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Miss Pauline Tooth were among the young girls in Lady Pulbrook's party, Lord and Lady Colwyn had a party of twelve, Lady Turner had a big party, and so did Sir Patrick Hennessy.

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FROM here I went on to the Berkeley to see the New Year in with more friends. Like everywhere else, here was a merry scene with plenty of young people dancing happily.

Among these were Miss Penelope Ansley in a lovely black and white spotted organza dress, and Miss Lavinia Lambton in a white and silver dress dancing with Mr. John Slesinger. At midnight the lights were dimmed and two pipers played the New Year in, marching round the dance floor several times. Then everyone joined in the traditional "Auld Lang Syne."

Sir William and Lady Twysden were here with a party of friends and reminded me that we had seen the New Year in together with mutual friends in New York four years ago. They told me they were off to New York three days later, going the leisurely way via the sunshine of Nassau, Bermuda and Jamaica, in the Caronia.

On my way home I went in to the Dorchester for a few moments to wish friends a happy New Year. On the steps as I arrived I met the ever-youthful Lord McGowan waiting for his car. He said he had spent a very happy evening celebrating the New Year with friends. Here it had been heralded by trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, and although it was after 1 a.m. when I arrived, the ballroom floor was packed.

* * *

EARLIER in the evening I had been to the opening of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It was a superb programme danced and produced better than ever with our great ballerina, now Dame Margot Fonteyn, dancing quite superbly. The evening began with *Les Sylphides* in which Beryl Grey, Svetlana Beriosova, Rosemary Lindsay and Philip Chatfield danced the leading rôles. This was followed by *Daphnis and Chloe*, in which Michael Somes and Margot Fonteyn took the name parts. This ballet, and the dancers, received the tremendous ovation which was so truly deserved.

The evening ended with one of my favourite ballets, *Homage To The Queen*, the Coronation ballet with music by Malcolm Arnold, choreography by Frederick Ashton and scenery and costumes by Oliver Messel, which also received great applause.



PRINCE CONSTANTIN OF LIECHTENSTEIN and his daughter Monice were watching an ice show on the Suvretta rink at St. Moritz

I had to postpone my proposed visit to St. Moritz over the New Year and now hope to be out there at the beginning of next month. I hear from friends there that this year there was a great shortage of snow over Christmas, but conditions were improving by the New Year. Nowadays, happily, with the new cable railway up and down to the Piz Nair, ski-ing is always possible. Most of the runs from the top of this 10,000-foot peak to Corviglia were by Christmas deep in snow and had been beautifully packed by workmen and the ski-teachers.

The B.U.S.C. team, Oxford and Cambridge Universities and their president, Dr. Jack Schulman, were there to race and the Italian Universities were represented by two ski-ing teams, the SAI and "18." Apart from the traditional Anglo-Swiss races, a three-cornered

event had been arranged for university students from Great Britain, Italy and Switzerland. Mr. Nigel Gardner I hear did the best time among the British skiers. Next year it is hoped to have teams of students from America, Canada, France and Belgium also competing.

By the New Year work was well on the way to building the famous Cresta Run, at first only as far as Stream Corner. That was not available by New Year's Day, but opened a few days later when practising began, and by now I expect it extends to Junction which is as far as they are building it this year.

Among riders out there before it opened were the American Mr. E. G. Nelson, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon who was staying with his wife and nine-year-old son at the Kulm, and Mr. Victor Pope. This young rider, who put up a speed record for a schoolboy on the Cresta a couple of years ago, was bitterly disappointed not to get any practice on it this year owing to lack of snow; with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Pope, he went out to stay at the Palace before Christmas, but he had to fly home on New Year's Day to join the Life Guards. There was a certain amount of agitation among the bob teams, too, as lack of snow had meant that they were late in building the bob run. The Marquis of Portago was staying at the Palace for the New Year, and waiting hopefully for the run to be built, as he wanted to get in as much practice as he possibly could for his bob team before the Winter Olympics.

THE Palace Hotel is always the centre of gaiety after dark in St. Moritz, and this year is no exception. Over the New Year they had three bands, Swiss, Cuban and French, and that good American singer Danile Carol who had come up from Rome. Among those staying in the hotel were Prince and Princesse Metternich, Comte and Comtesse Guido Brandolini from Venice, Comte and Comtesse Stefano Branco, up from Milan, Mr. John Schlesinger, a keen rider on the bob run, who always gives such wonderful parties, the Comtesse Gazzoni, and many guests from

[Continued on page 46]



Mr. Noel Harrison, who did very well in the British Championships last year, and Mr. Robin Hooper



Mr. John M. Houlder, M.B.E., Mrs. E. Goldberger and Mr. Tony Everard resting at the Zuber Hut



Miss Annette Williams, and Miss Vera Resch from Jersey, were leaving the Corviglia Club for a day's ski-ing

Dr. K. H. Schloss

Continuing The Social Journal

A "double-decker"
Mayfair party

the United States including film star Joan Crawford and her husband, Mr. Alfred Steele, Mr. Elton F. Macdonald and a party of friends, and Mrs. James Darwin who had several members of her family staying with them.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the gayest cocktail parties around the festive season was the one which Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger gave in their lovely Brook Street house. Mrs. Slesinger, who is a great perfectionist and very artistic, had the house decorated beautifully. Their two sons, John and his younger brother Anthony who is still at Eton, were both home and had many of their young friends at the party, too. John was just back from a short visit to Sweden and Moscow which he found most interesting, and Anthony has now flown out to Sweden to join Col. Falk, the Air Attaché at the Swedish Embassy here, and Mrs. Falk for two weeks ski-ing before he returns to Eton.

Among the first people I met were two Members of Parliament, Sir Alfred Bosson and Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, who later left together to go on to a dinner party. Almina Countess of Carnarvon, who is one of Anthony Slesinger's godmothers, had come up from Bristol and was meeting many friends. Sir Arbuthnot Lane was there with his young daughter Susan, and Sir Brian and Lady Mountain with their sons Denis and Nicholas, who is in the Royal Horse Guards and will be going out to Cyprus with his regiment next month.

CAPT. NED BOLDERO, who is in the Life Guards, and his father Sir Harold Boldero, were both there, also Lord and Lady Cunliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Irwin talking to Mr. and Mrs. Zamora, Mr. Lees Reed, a well-known personality at Guys Hospital, and a charming Canadian couple, General and Mrs. Roberts, who are over here for a few months and were talking to a fellow Canadian Major Mackenzie, who has made his home in this country for many years.

Guests moved between four rooms of this charming house, and upstairs in the drawing-room I met Mr. Ronnie Brooks and his

daughter Belinda, and Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney; the latter happily was looking much better but said it was the first party she had been to for some time. Sir Ronald Howe was talking to his host and said that he had to leave this good party for a dinner engagement. Other younger guests besides those I have already mentioned included Mr. Christopher Hartley and his attractive sister Dinah, with her fiancé, Mr. John Hanbury Williams—they are being married in April—Miss Gloria Wellesley Clarry, Mr. Nicholas Eden and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hambro.

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FROM friends in Scotland I hear that the little Episcopal Church of St. James's, Cupar, was so small that only about two hundred relatives and close friends could attend the ceremony for the marriage of Viscount Stormont, only son of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and Miss Pamela Foster, only daughter of Mr. W. N. Foster and Lady Cochrane of Culter. The bride, who was given away by her stepfather, Lord Cochrane of Culter, wore a gown of stiff white satin with a full skirt flowing into a train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a tiara of diamond stars lent by the Countess of Mansfield.

There were two child bridesmaids, Lady Mariota Murray, sister of the bridegroom, and Sarah Croome, cousin of the bride. Behind them walked eight older bridesmaids, Lady Malvina Murray, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Caroline Clive, Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Lady Alison Bruce, Miss Rosemary Abel-Smith, Miss Carina Boyle and Miss Claire Crum-Ewing. They wore dresses of cream silk organza over taffeta with coral taffeta bows and long streamers at the back.

THE bride's stepfather lent Crawford Priory, Cupar, for the reception which was attended by nearly five hundred guests. Lord and Lady Cochrane, with the Earl of Mansfield, who, like the bridegroom, was wearing the kilt, and the Countess of Mansfield, who wore a lovely smoky blue velvet coat with a sapphire mink collar and a beige hat, received the guests in the Gothic Hall of the Priory, which made a perfect setting for the bridal party.

Among the large number present were the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the latter wearing royal blue with a red hat, the Earl and Countess of Dundee, the Earl and Countess of Airli, the Earl of Strathmore, the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, Sir Torquill



Miss Kay Stewart-Johnstone with Mr. Desmond O'Neill
Anthony Coleridge, who had just been given a pheasant as one of his birthday presents



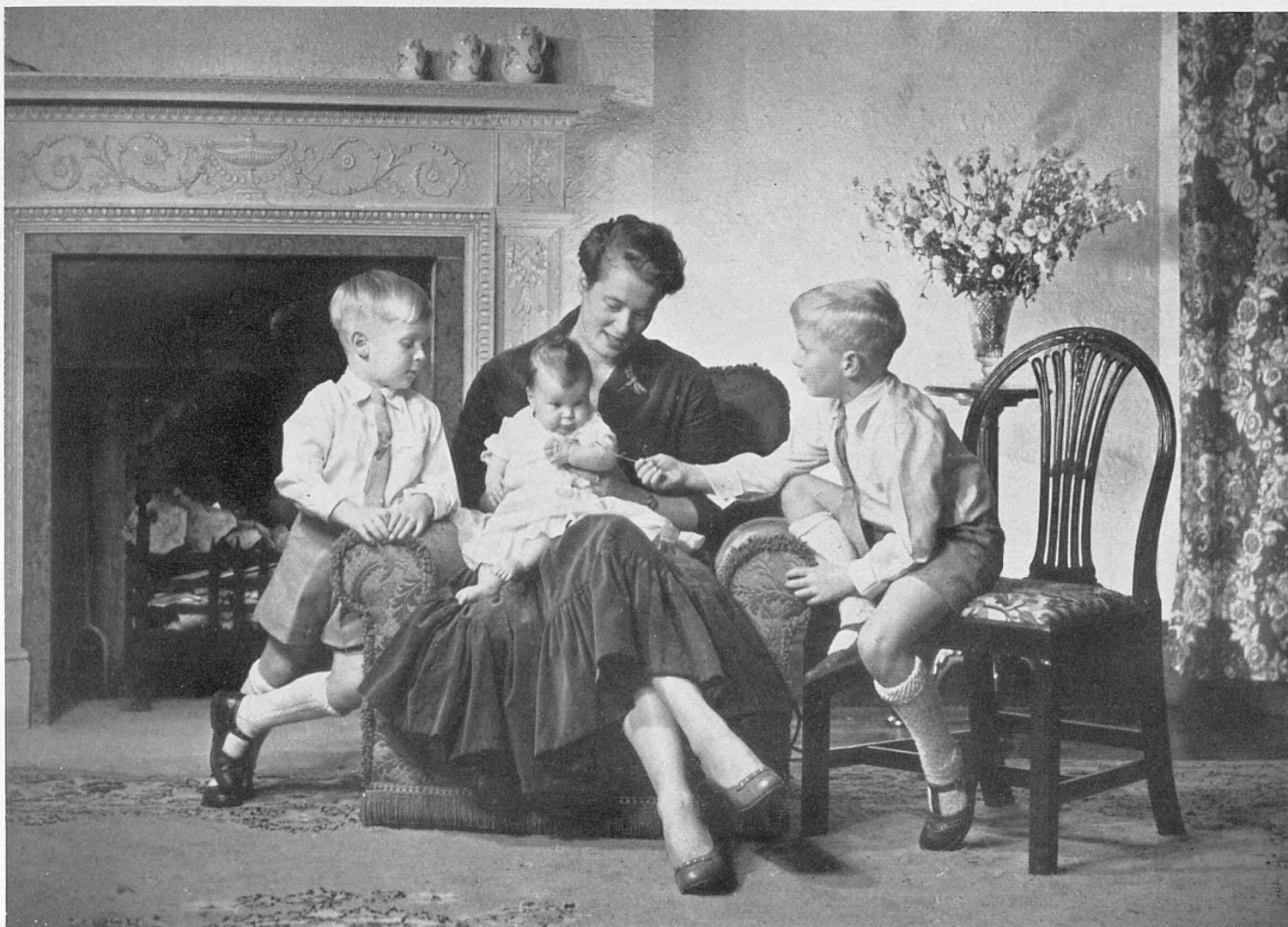
MR. and MRS. GUY COLERIDGE gave a gay cocktail party to celebrate their son Mr. Anthony Coleridge's twenty-first birthday, in Hanover Square, W.I. Many of the year's débutantes were among the guests. Above: Miss Susie Ley, Mr. David Inglefield and Miss Audrey Hardy

Mr. Richard Buxton, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones and Mr. Richard Westmacott were three of those present

Miss Richenda Gurney and Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville were greeting friends just arrived for this happy occasion

Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd and Mrs. Christopher Keeling were amongst the two hundred guests present at the party





Navana Vandyk

MRS. RODERICK W. PARKYN with Nicholas, aged four, Heather Anne, six months, and Shaun, aged six. Her husband is a great-grandson of Daniel Adamson, founder and promoter of the Manchester Ship Canal. Mrs. Parkyn was Miss Patricia Anne Thornycroft, whose family formerly lived at Thornycroft Hall, near Macclesfield, and dates back to the fourteenth century. The Parkyns live at The Manor House, North Rode, in Cheshire

Munro and his wife, who wore a green velvet coat and hat to match, their daughter Fiona who was in red, Mrs. William Walker with her son Michael and her daughter Angela, who is coming out this season, and Mr. James and Lady Flavia Anderson accompanied by their daughter Rohais and their son Douglas, who is a very promising young painter and studying hard under the famous Annigoni, the Earl of Southesk and his son Lord Carnegie, and the Earl of Elgin, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

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QUITE a number of next season's débutantes came to the "Welcome Home" party which Mrs. Hubert Raphael gave for her daughter, Miss Wendy Raphael, at their home in Sussex Square. Wendy is finishing in Paris with Comtesse de la Calle and was just home for two weeks over Christmas and the New Year. She has now gone back to Paris and returns here at the end of March in time for one of the Presentation Parties.

Among young friends at this very gay party were Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, who is sharing a coming-out dance with Wendy at the Dorchester on June 12, Miss Angela Huth, Miss Elizabeth Gibbs, Miss Fiona Fairfax, Miss Clare Abel Smith, Miss Denia Wigram, Miss Belinda Pascoe, Miss Susan O'Dwyer and Miss Amanda Fisher. Wendy's younger sister Sally was there and her half-sister Miss Heather Turner-Laing who came out two years ago, and her brother, Mr. Graham

Turner-Laing. Other young men there included Mr. Peter Durlacher and his cousin Dickie Durlacher, Mr. Tim and Mr. Brian Thornton, Mr. Patrick Maxwell, Mr. Warwick Greville-Collins, the Hon. Charles Wilson, Mr. Jeremy Thornton, Mr. Tony Russell and Mr. Robin Duthy.

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THIS year's Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Ball at the Dorchester was a tremendous success. There were about 630 guests present and for some days before the ball there had been a waiting list of those wanting to buy tickets.

Miss Sheelagh Barry, daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Barry, was the very efficient and hard-working hon. secretary, and had a party of twelve, including Miss Gwenda Mark and her fiancé Mr. John Dashwood, Miss Sarah Stanley and Mr. Gay Gilchrist. Sir Patrick and Lady Barry were both there, too, in a party with Mr. Peter Rawlinson, M.P. Mr. Donald Pickard, the chairman, had a table for fourteen, Mr. Edward Eyre had a big party and Miss Diana Anstruther Gray was hostess to a big party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grew came over from Belfast for the ball which was a great reunion of old school friends. Among others present were Mr. John Cresswell Turner, Mr. Simon Bradley, Mr. Gilbert Brooke Hitching, Mr. and Mrs. Dormer Dillon, Mr. Duncan Chisholme who was dancing with Miss Fiona Douglas-Home, Mr. Henry Villiers, and Miss Rosemary Bender, dancing with Mr. Robert Calder-Smith. An excellent cabaret was given

by Julian Slade, who sang one of his songs from *Salad Days* and other lyrics he has written.

I WENT to the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coleridge to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their younger son, Anthony. This took place in the spacious circular Estate Room of Knight Frank and Rutley, in Hanover Square (of which Mr. Coleridge is a partner) which makes a splendid setting for a party. Last time I was there was when they gave a similar party for their elder son David on his twenty-first birthday. He was here with his bride, who before her marriage last summer was Miss Susan Senior.

They were nearly all very young guests at this party, exceptions I met being Mr. Rupert Richardson-Gardner and his wife—he had been best man at the Guy Coleridges' wedding in India nearly twenty-five years ago—and Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who, incidentally, have a daughter making her début this year. Young people enjoying this very gay party included Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd and her brother, Mr. Richard Berens, Miss Caroline Clogg and Miss Camilla Straight looking very attractive in black velvet with an amusing necklace.

Miss Tessa Ruscoe was there, also the Hon. Sandra Monson, whose parents Lord and Lady Monson arrived back from New York and Jamaica for Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Allfrey, Miss Jacynth Lindsay, the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Miss Verity Anne Pilkington, Mr. Lionel Stopford-Sackville talking to Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Bridget Casey and Mr. Charles Gooch.

A FREE-LANCE IN THE SALEROOM

HERBERT HOWARTH, *writer of this article, has had a many-sided career in literature and the arts. He was Director of the National Book League from 1950-54, is an authority on Middle East affairs and co-author of the Oriental anthology "Images From The Arab World."* His ruling passion, however, is antiques, and he regularly attends important auction sales in London

"YES, it all goes quickly when you're bidding. It's only slow when you're watching," said the auctioneer after the sale, congratulating a friend of mine who had bought a large Savonnaie carpet. The point was that my friend had bid for himself—starting at two hundred guineas and carrying it off at somewhere round seven hundred—instead of taking the simple, safe, and at times cheaper course of commissioning a dealer to bid for him.

He not only secured his carpet, he had the exhilaration of pitting himself against professional competitors. Nothing makes the pulse race like bidding at the salerooms. My wife, who has an addiction to it, calls it "better than the races."

During this 1955-56 season the crowds in the famous London salerooms seem to be bigger than ever. When Christies sold a collection of early French furniture in November, there was a concourse of buyers and spectators from all over Europe. When Sotheby's were selling an exciting mixed bag of modern pictures and sculpture just before Christmas, it was almost impossible to edge in through the throng, or, being in, to squeeze out.

FOR generations London has been the centre of the world's exchange in antiques and "objects of vertu." The war and its legacy of currency regulations caused a temporary setback, but a year ago the Treasury made some sensible readjustments which re-established the free flow of antiques to and from this country. The whole world, including the U.S.A., is now sending its collections for sale in London.

This means that almost any weekday one or other of the salerooms has a show of attractive and beautiful things. Some of them, pieces of considerable rarity, will fetch princely prices. For the great collectors they are the *raison d'être* of the salerooms. But for many a person who is not a specialist, but simply responsive to the appeal of good workmanship and charm, the salerooms have the different interest of offering a constant supply of minor "average" treasures which will fall at surprisingly reasonable figures. A talent that every amateur of antiques hopes to develop, and can develop by frequent attendance at both views and sales, is that of spotting the obscurer items and anticipating their probable prices.

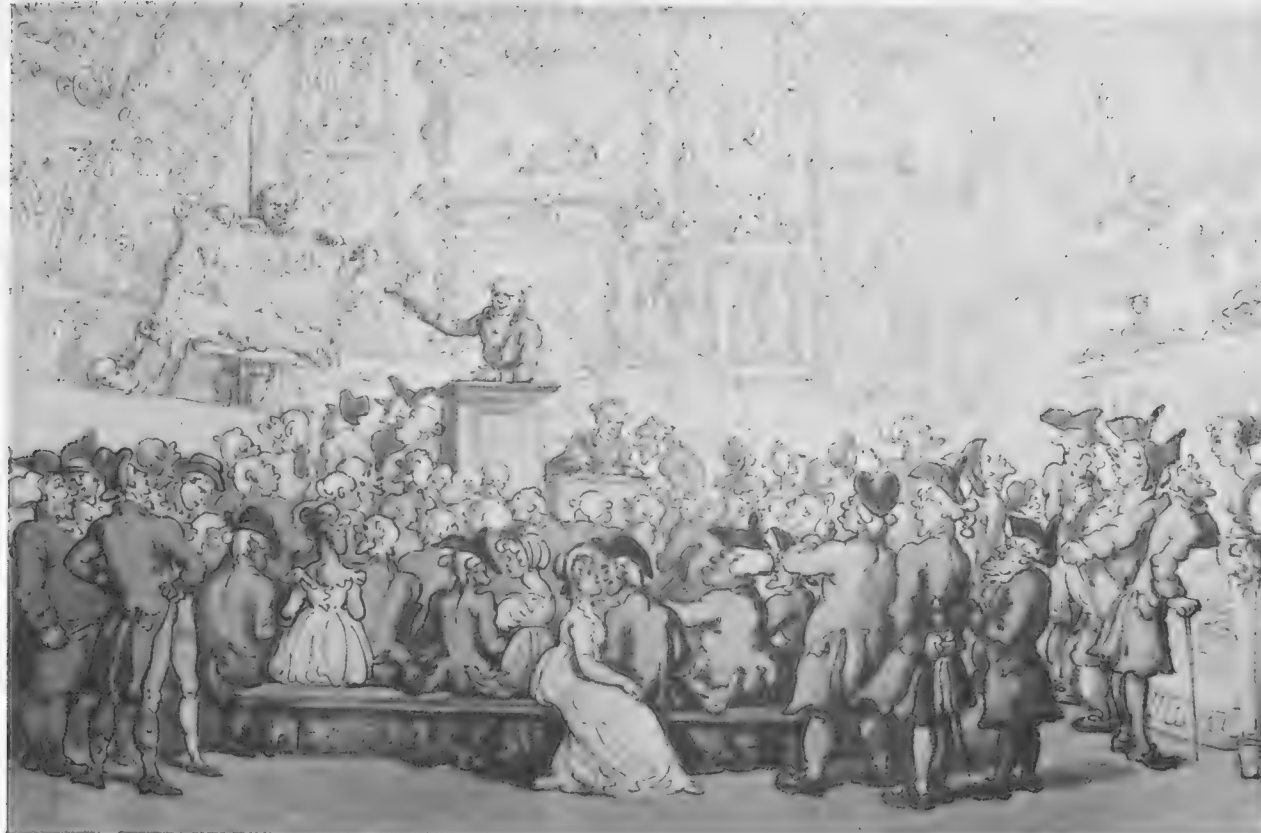
EVERYONE has his favourite family of *objets d'art*. My own private preference is for Persian rugs. Some years ago I fell in love with them and began to attend every view as one of that little band of fanciers that can be seen on hands and knees on the floor of Sotheby's or Christies or Blenstock House, parting the wool of rugs to examine the knots or comparing the original colours of the underside with the matured colours on the face. "The real collector of rugs does everything short of chewing them," says the proverb.

There are, of course, scores of varieties of Persian rugs. Each group has something to say, bold and virile, or suggestive and seductive. Many bidders in the salerooms prefer the closely knotted and elaborately designed Kashans, Kirmans, Ispahans and modern Tabriz carpets. Some specialize in prayer-rugs. For my taste the most satisfying rugs are among those of north-west Persia and the Russian Caucasus, retaining, in their vigorous motifs on magnificently dyed grounds, a lasting memory of the landscape, the religion, the simple and violent way of life, that produced them—a way of life that is disappearing under the impact of Western technics.

There is a closely related family of rarities which is at present far

The auction room of Christies at 8 King Street, St. James's, where some of the world's finest treasures daily seek new owners





A drawing by Rowland Topham of a typical scene at Christie's in the auction room towards the end of the eighteenth century. This is the original room which was in Pall Mall

from overworked by collectors: embroidered textiles. From time to time the saleroom catalogues include tent-hangings, tent-friezes, shawls, old costumes, beautifully stitched panels. It is tempting to possess some of them, especially Bokhara panels. Only, you should check the condition of all these vulnerable pieces very carefully, and, if you buy, plan to use them in such a way that, while the colour can be seen to advantage, the fabric is not subject to excessive contact or strain.

The most fragile of all treasures is, I suppose, glass. That fact inhibits many potential buyers. Yet there is nothing equally responsive to the play of light and therefore so delightful in any room. For the rarer examples of early glass it is usually best to go to the two internationally famous rooms, Sotheby's or Christie's; but if you are prepared to buy Victorian or even Edwardian glass—and I suggest that it is timely to do so at this hour while the antique shops of East Anglia are clustered with admirable unwanted examples—then the less famous salerooms may better be able to offer what you want.

The most durable of possessions is silver, and it retains its value against the inflationary trends of money most surely. Now silver is said to be in relatively short supply in the auction rooms at present. I have overheard this point made in several Dickensian colloquies between dealers, beginning, invariably, "The rooms are not what they were when we were young." Subsequently I have questioned the porters in the rooms, who have confirmed that neither silver nor good silver-plate seem to be arriving for sale in the abundance of the past or even of the immediate postwar period.

THOUGH this may be so, scarcely a week passes without two or more sales of silver, including superb specimens by master-smiths and much good average work. Here the amateur can buy satisfyingly by exercising his taste for the uncelebrated: by avoiding the works of masters like Paul Storr who are the quarry of all the collectors, and by refraining from the things that everyone is currently seeking, such as pairs of Georgian sauceboats, and instead taking an interest in those rather exuberant William IV or Victorian candlesticks by Birmingham or Sheffield smiths, or in certain groups of European silver, or in minor craftsmen.

I shall not easily forget the sedate pair of chamber candlesticks of the year 1821 by the smith William Eley, whom few, I think, have yet bothered to collect. They were on view at Sotheby's last May just before I sailed for America; had I not been sailing I would have been tempted to bid and make them the start of a William Eley collection or of a little constellation of English silver bearing the same year-mark. They went, I later learned, for £36.

Domestic furniture is, of course, the great staple commodity in all the auction rooms. Throughout this country the recognition of the worth of antique furniture is general, and buyers are many. English Georgian furniture is perhaps in most regular demand, but there is a passion, too, for French eighteenth-century work—sometimes so voluptuous, so distinctly etched in its decorative effects. Intrinsic quality apart, there is one characteristic feature of all bidding for furniture

in this epoch of small flats and mews-cottages: *bijou* furniture is relatively much more in demand, and consequently more expensive, than large pieces. Very large pieces can sometimes be bought most reasonably. The same thing holds true for all kinds of antiques: a magnificent Beshir carpet, twenty-five feet long, will be relatively cheaper than its equivalent twelve feet or fourteen feet in length.

LONDON salerooms have everything that a liberal taste could ask for. Whenever you go to view, there will always be something unexpectedly and irresistibly smiling at you: perhaps one of those curious red, gold and blue icons of Professor Dawkins; perhaps an overmantel with a delicate or triumphant painting; perhaps a brilliantly figured clock; perhaps one of those sets of silver or silver-gilt dessert knives and forks, which the Victorians made so prettily and which are now undeservedly neglected.

Trust your judgment. Even at sales of pictures, where the tendency to defer to canonical opinion is strongest, still depend on your own judgment. At picture sales as at other sales, though prices are high and sometimes fabulous, there will always be pleasant work going at modest prices. A Roger Fry went for £12 at Sotheby's the other week; a Vanessa Bell for £5; and many of their contemporaries were sold for prices ranging from £10 to £200.

Once you go to the views, you will sooner or later have to bid. If this article has led you a step towards that dizzy plunge, I must in fairness add a tip. In general, watch the professionals viewing and bidding, and learn their technique; it is in any case one of life's pleasures to watch, say, Kenneth Snowman bidding for one of the Fabergé fantasy-pieces in which he is the world's expert.

And there are three golden rules: (1) Never bid for an item unless you have examined it scrupulously at the view, and if possible have viewed it a second time to corroborate your impressions; (2) Before the bidding opens tell yourself firmly what your maximum will be, and don't go beyond it; (3) If your bid does not win, resist the inevitable impulse to bid for some subsequent lot which you don't so definitely want. The consolation for not succeeding in a bid is that another treasure, equally or even more desirable, will present itself to your eye at the next view.



James Christie, who founded this famous firm in 1766. This drawing of him was published on January 1, 1782, by H. Humphrey of 18 New Bond Street



Roundabout

Paul Holt

MISTINGUETT, the woman but not the legend, is dead. She was eighty-two and lived a full life, and after an attack such as she had the omens for recovery could not be good.

So I mourn her, for in my opinion she was the second greatest Frenchwoman of this age. In a curious way great Frenchwomen always seem to come from the "people." Colette, who to my opinion was the greatest, did. So did Alphonsine Plessis, who was better known as Marie Duplessis when Alexandre Dumas *fils* wrote about her as the Lady of the Camellias. So were the mistresses of *le Roi Soleil*.

But Mistinguett was something special in the history of France, for not only did

she become history in her own time, which is the hardest burden of all for humans to bear, but she was laughed at. This old lady with the beautiful legs drew roars of applause from middle-aged males, who were only flattering their own youth.

ONCE I saw her when she was not laughed at. It was a dramatic though slightly antic occasion.

The date was August 16, 1944, the day after Paris was liberated from the Germans. There were crowds in the streets, cheering for what they knew not, and there had been bombing and shelling from the retreating Germans during the

night. Everybody had been so excited it was not possible for them to be quiet. General de Gaulle had been fired on in Notre Dame Cathedral and there were tanks still smouldering in the rue de Rivoli.

And then came Mistinguett.

She had been accused of being a collaborator. In those days nearly everybody was. I was even told by an excited Resistance man that Maurice Chevalier had been shot.

THE old lady with the young legs came walking down the street that leads from the Scribe Hotel towards the place de l'Opéra.

Suddenly the crowd hushed as they saw her. She was wearing an absurd dress with a very short skirt, red, white and blue in colour and high black heels to her shoes. She looked at nobody, for she knew that they had to make up their minds about her. Through the crowds she came, an almost ridiculous figure, wheeling a bicycle.

Nobody applauded, but I thought that they respected her for her courage.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a meet of a hunt near Newbury in Berkshire and saw a strange thing. There were seven adults on horseback and seventeen children. And there were twenty-seven shooting brakes. I thought that the balance was uneven until I realized that in the shooting brakes there were parents who had given their horses to their children during the Christmas holidays and were sitting back, though following the hunt, while the kids had a go.

This is not the kind of thing that children appreciate, although it is well known that parents have this instinct for self-sacrifice.

This time self-sacrifice was oddly rewarded.

The hounds found and off they went, with the proud shooting brakes following. The children looked splendid on horseback. But then the hounds made a mistake.

It might have been the children, but I think it was the hounds. They took the wrong turning, ignoring the fox, and up the hill they went until they came to an American Air Force canteen. Inside they streamed, demanding ice cream, which the Americans, regarding them fondly, fed them amply.

THIS is not the first time I have noticed that hounds prefer an ice cream to a fox and I feel that if Italian *casarta* were imported to this country the great sport might seriously decline. I was reading the other day an article which said, seriously, that the writer has come to the opinion that foxes are becoming more "sophisticated."

This may be so, for they need more wiles to survive now that rabbits have gone off their menu. But it seems clear that they don't need them to combat the cheerful foxhound, the great, gluttonous ninny.

★ ★ ★

LET me say that I am delighted by the honour that has been paid to Miss Margot Fonteyn, the great dancer, in the New Year's Honours list.

But surely it is embarrassing to call so young, so fresh a firebrand of dancing "Dame"?

The title should be reserved either for elderly ladies or for elderly gentlemen who appear in pantomime, and she is neither.

★ ★ ★

IT is a comfort to me to discover that the first name of Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell, wife of the new leader of the Socialist Party, lately Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a good one too, is Creditor.

I hope this may prove to be significant.



HENRY SHEREK has been the man behind some of the longest runs and greatest successes that the West End theatre has known in recent years. As manager and theatrical producer he has given the public *Escapade*, *The Cocktail Party*, *Edward My Son*, all of which ran as well in New York, and Robert Morley's colossal characterization of the Prince Regent in *The First Gentleman*. Since 1939 he has had the astonishing record of seventy-five plays produced in London and New York—an impressive tribute to energy and enterprise. In both wars he served in the Rifle Brigade, retiring in 1944 with the rank of major. He married in 1937 the Hon. Kathleen Boscawen, sister of Viscount Falmouth, and he is a very keen golfer



BEFORE THE GATES OF BATTLE ABBEY the East Sussex field assembles before the move off. The joint-Masters, Major C. G. Davies-Gilbert and Capt. John Harding are seen with young followers to the left, while on the right is Ted Bartlett the huntsman

At the Races

—Sabretache

THE SECRET IS IN THE "ANTURRAJ"

"IT is not the harses, nor the hounds, nor the rid coats, but the anturraj." How true these words of a philosopher whom I once met in Meath! But true only if you have grown up with those things which used to be considered an essential part of a liberal education, which, incidentally, inculcated a love of the sights the sounds and the scents of the countryside!

To hear, as we do nowadays, of fox battues because the remaining packs of hounds cannot keep the roost-robbers down, makes sad hearing even for those who only go out hunting to give their sorely tried livers a good shake up, or those others who treat the whole show as a jumping competition specially organized for their benefit to enable them to display their jockey seats for the delectation of anybody who might be interested, and, personally, I don't think many ever were!

THAT kind of chap, I found, was rarely on the premises when the final curtain came down; for he had knocked all the stuffing out of his horse by his larking antics. It is not a bad rule to keep as much up your sleeve as you can, for you never know when, or how much, you are going to need it. You can get all that sort of thing, and sometimes a bit more, if you ride between the flags, but out hunting you are supposed to be doing something assuaging to the nerves as well as delightful in the way of seeing and smelling.

If you are not and take no heed of the keen battle of wits which is going on around you between Reynard the Fox and the huntsman, don't go out hunting, for it will be just like going fast asleep at the play, or going blindfold to see a picture by an

artist who is quite unlike Mr. Picasso or anyone else who is so stupid as to imagine he can draw and paint.

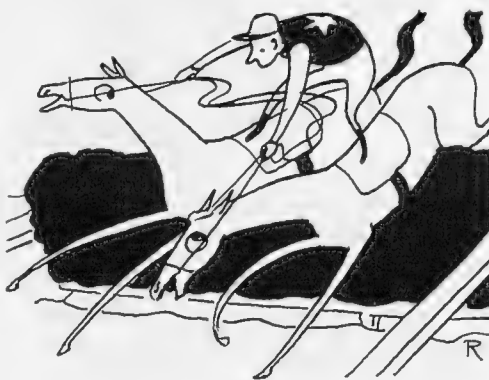
WITHOUT perception of those things you will be bored stark; but if you are "otherwise" you may return with a broken collar-bone, or a rib or two, but full of "God's glorious oxygen" and a contentment which no words can aptly put on the canvas. In the opposite case you may have completely missed the "entourage." This will be a pity because it is really the pith and purpose of the whole entertainment, even including the collarbone, but not the ribs, for they are really painful.

Also there is the historical side, which is a great attraction to many people because in so many places you find yourself hunting over ground where there has been a bloody battle, for instance

in Yorkshire you may hunt the fox across the site of the battle of Towton which was fought in the Wars of the Roses and was the reply to the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield. The slaughter was terrific and the date was 1461. Amongst other things which were dug up was the neck armour chamfron of Lord Dacre's charger and when they dug deeper they found that his Lordship and his charger had been buried in an upright position, which I believe is extremely rare. Towton is in the Bramham Moor country and the principal fight took place across the Cock Beck, a silly little stream which is almost jumpable in places and certainly at the point which is called "The Bridge of Bodies."

ALSO there is Ancrum Moor, which I have crossed when I have hunted in Yorkshire. The battle here ended (as Smith Minor might be able to tell us) in a severe defeat for Henry VIII's expeditionary force commanded by Sir Ralph Eyre, whose contingent deserted to the Scots at an awkward moment. It was a fairly bloody battle and if you ever go to those parts you may be told the story of the Maid of Lilliard who fought on the Scottish side and, as is related, dealt the enemy such awful "thoomps" and ended up by having her legs cut off when she "fought upon her 'stoomps.'"

We must not therefore believe that the hardy wenches of today are any novelty, because this valiant girl, I think, would outdistance even the toughest of our moderns. If you only go about it in the right way you will find many interesting yarns to fill in the gaps when there is no scent and you are apt to get bored to tears—not that any real fox hunter ever is, but it might happen some day.





AN IRISH HUNT BALL

Captain and Mrs. T. D. Morgan (above), joint-Masters of the West Waterford, were the hosts at Lismore Castle for the hunt ball, which was filmed for B.B.C. television. Right: A part of the ballroom during the dancing



Miss Rody White and Mr. Tom Webb were among the many young followers of the West Waterford who were at the ball

Miss Grichin O'Mahoney, daughter of Gen. O'Mahoney, from Co. Galway, and Mr. Pierce Carrigan, from Clonmel

Miss Lenia Percival-Maxwell, a follower of the West Waterford hounds, and Mr. Isaac Bell, a former Master of four Irish packs



Mrs. Richard Keane, Mr. Declan Dwyer, of the United Hunt, Co. Cork, Major Tim Hallinan, and Mrs. Declan Dwyer

Mrs. E. Percival-Maxwell, Mr. Jimmy McClintock, the breeder, from Cahir, Co. Tipperary, and Mr. Alec Smith

Charles C. Fennell.

Priscilla in Paris

WINTER'S NEW TERROR

CHRISTMAS, *la Nouvelle Année*, the Elections . . . all coming to a climax in nine short winter days, to say nothing of the greater part of nine long winter nights, is rather a much of a muchness to cope with! I find comfort in the thought that by the time this appears on its rightful, glossy page, the worst will be over. The worst being, of course, the elections.

Christmas already has joined many other happy memories. Never, I think, have there been so many trees and parties and circus treats for the children. Never have there been so many Christmas and New Year cards. The *facteurs*, struggling under their load, have really won their *étrennes* for the *Nouvelle Année* . . . but they hope that never again will elections take place at this time of the year.

THE printed matter they are cramming into our letter-boxes or dumping with our *concierges* is beyond belief. The season's greetings, gratefully received, bring their customary, comforting, heart-warming glow. Then we eagerly turn to see what the new candidates have to say for themselves. . . . Alas that all the canvassing blurb has so strangely familiar an air! *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Perhaps we need another Joan of Arc to save France from her internal troubles. Various newcomers seem prepared to play the part. Two of them suggest possibilities. Mlle. Colette Duval, professional mannequin and parachutist, ought to be able to take a bird's-eye view of every situation, and Mme. Germaine Lecomte, leading member of *la haute couture*, will be able to come to the rescue whenever a stitch in time is needed to save ninety-nine times nine!

OUR most interesting evening recently was a crowded first night at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, though one wishes something could be done about the carpets of that very handsome theatre. Holes and high heels do not agree . . . or do they agree too much?

Here Roland Petit's ballet company is making us happy for the holidays—and a good deal longer, we hope—with *La Chambre*, of which the argument is by Georges Simenon and the music by Georges Auric. Roland Petit has realised the maximum effect of horror, terrifyingly—yet choreographically—expressed. Simenon, in terms of the ballet, has surpassed himself. A miasma of vice, misery and crime. A sordid

MISS YVONNE SUGDEN, of Kensington, British figure-skating champion, and our chief hope for the Winter Olympics at Cortina, is seen here in action on the Suvretta Rink at St. Moritz. She first competed in the British championships aged eleven, and won them in 1954, at fifteen

Photograph by R. H. Schloss





room. A kitchen table. A blinking lamp (and I'm *not* trying to anathematize politely), and a decrepit telephone. Two new (to us, anyway) dancers: Verinika Mlakar, a Yugoslav *danseuse étoile*, and Buzz Millar, an American, who does something to one's insides as well as to one's vision. In all, a blood-curdling *fait divers* to which Georges Auric adds the seduction and cruelty of his dramatic score.

A certain stabbing scene directed by Simenon himself, who was present at most of the rehearsals, sent little shivers down our denuded vertebrae. Our author certainly knows how these things are done. Theoretically, of course!

SADDEST moment of the week was when the death of Marguerite Deval was announced. She was born in 1868. Her name was Marguerite Brulefer de Valcourt, but in those days young ladies, aged seventeen and of good family, did not go on to the stage; so, very discreetly, she called herself Mlle. Deval and made the name famous. She appeared in *opera-bouffe*, in musical comedy, and later in revue. She was a tiny little thing, with an 18-in. waist, her eyes were very blue, and her laugh was a gay tinkle. Her birdlike gestures, her minute hands were, I am told, a joy to behold.

I have seen her in Rip's Revues as an unequalled *diseuse* and, until the last war, playing lead in Edouard Bourdet's dramatic comedies.

A few months ago Mme. Yvonne Printemps and M. Pierre Fresnay gave a benefit performance for her at the Théâtre Michodière, where she had played so often, and in response to the acclamations of the audience she bowed her thanks from the stage box. She was very moved. So were we. This was, I think, the last time she appeared in public.

ON the eve of her death her old friend, the great dancer Zambelli, came to see her. They passed a quiet and pleasant evening making plans for the New Year. Marguerite Deval died that night in her sleep. Her many friends are sad but, knowing that she was threatened with blindness, cannot be otherwise than thankful for what may have been that crowning mercy. "Now more than ever seems it rich to die, To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

She was a very great little lady.

Tête de . . .

• Three-year-old to Mama who is puzzling over the election lists: "Mummie, tell your forehead not to make grimaces!"

H.E. SENORA DE GALLEGOS, the beautiful Minister for Costa Rica at the Court of St. James's, has the distinction of being the only woman ambassador in London. The Republic of Costa Rica, in Central America, is famous as the State which abolished its army seven years ago

Photograph by Zichy, Baron Studios



At the Theatre

HYPNOTIC IBSEN

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

AN Ibsen revival, however attractively cast, is something which many otherwise hardy and adventurous playgoers approach with a queer reluctance. They shrink as from the threat of an ordeal. Ibsen, they feel, is a more forbidding, a more demanding fellow than any of the world's other great writers for the theatre except Strindberg. If such as Shakespeare and Tchekhov can be gently inviting, why should his name carry such a challenging ring? Yet the fact is that once we have squared up to the challenge and are inside the theatre we find ourselves held as perhaps we are held by no other dramatist, held more closely even than by Shakespeare. We are left wondering what ever made us look on the thing as an ordeal.

I hope that in the next few weeks this quite natural shrinking from Ibsen will be overcome by a great many people. They will get real enjoyment from a visit to the Saville Theatre, where Mr. John Clements is presenting *The Wild Duck* with a cast headed by Mr. Emlyn Williams, Miss Angela Baddeley and Miss Dorothy Tutin. Their enjoyment will be all the keener if they have gone through the motions of telling themselves beforehand that Ibsen, a stiff proposition at any time, is round about Christmas quite unthinkable. Part of the enjoyment will come from discovering afresh that *The Wild Duck*, though a difficult play to read, becomes on the stage a model of lucidity. Under the direction of Mr. Murray MacDonald it moves in the big theatre a little too deliberately, but with all its points made and its foothold never uncertain.

WHAT makes the play hard for a reader to grasp is the notion that a family should turn a lumber-room into a sort of toy forest and perpetually enjoy playing at hunting bears which really are rabbits and shooting at wild fowl which really are a wounded wild duck captured and living in its nest. They all have different ways of regarding their sport and visitors have theirs, and so the printed page is cluttered with symbolism which it needs only the actors to make as plain as a pikestaff.

And with Mr. George Relph as the sodden old lieutenant dressed up in the uniform which as a young man he has disgraced; with Mr. Williams as the vain, petted, spoilt dawdler waiting for the inspiration which is to make him a great inventor; with Miss Tutin as the trustful and candid child; and with Miss Baddeley as the good-natured wife smiling at the romantic silliness of her men-folk—the whole family set up, with its slightly dotty delusions and the happiness that springs from them, carries complete conviction and amuses and endears itself in all sorts of ways.

THE performance, though it never ceases to hold us, is open to criticism at two points. Mr. Williams plays the egocentric photographer as though he were one of Dickens's self-conscious humbugs. Hjalmar is surely anything but that. He is a spoilt child, self-deceiving, unthinking, without scruples, but also without real personality, volatile and superficially charming. Mr. Williams is harder on him than Ibsen found it in his heart to be, exhibiting all the contemptible traits with a showman's flourish, and thereby losing some of the gaiety that belongs to the central scenes.

The other point of weakness is Mr. Michael Gough's portrait of the meddling Gregers Werle, who illustrates Ibsen's passionate plea to live and let live. He is a man with a mission to tell other people the truth about themselves, so obsessed with his own high-mindedness that he pays no attention to the delicate human material he is handling. Mr. Gough brings out admirably Gregers's father-hating as a clue to his conduct, but in giving the advice which is to ruin his friends he mistakenly admits an undertone of conscious malevolence. But these doubtful interpretations do not at all wreck the play, which rests solidly on Miss Dorothy Tutin's beautiful performance of Hedvig and on the admirable Rilling, Gina and Old Ekdal of Mr. Laurence Hardy, Miss Baddeley and Mr. Relph.

"THE WILD DUCK" (SAVILLE) has starry plumage, with Emlyn Williams (top, right) as the feckless Hjalmar Ekdal, clinking tankards with his father (George Relph). Below: The ruthless idealist Gregers Werle (Michael Gough) encourages thoughts of suicide in Hedvig (Dorothy Tutin)





Anona Winn as Mrs. Jolly in the musical *May Fever*, at the New Lindsey, which is based on the amusing idea of putting a revue within a play

London Limelight

Case for vinegar

THE cult of the naïve enjoyed a thumping success last year and the reverberations are still with us in the form of *Salad Days* and *The Buccaneer*. The unassailable virtue of *Salad Days* is that the dew of youth is still upon the green shoots from the varsity world. But once the frost of self-consciousness is felt the whole collation begins to wilt.

May Fever (at the New Lindsey), as might be guessed, is a frail little anecdote of Cambridge amateurs during May Week. Its lioness is Miss Anona Winn, playing a landlady with musical comedy memories, and her pride is a collection of students producing a revue.

The company successfully and with painful accuracy lampoons the routine of student performances, and has a bash at the other side of the punchball, in the shape of *Big Business* and *Tinpan Alley*. It is a gayish little romp (all rowed fast, and none so fast as stroke), but this is a second helping of salad. Perhaps a little vinegar would help, but the best of the french dressing, alas, is at the Garrick.

At the old Met., which has the only self-respecting theatre bar in London, they have been reviving memories of the great days of variety. This superb old hall is not only the perfect setting, but the true one. With a little imagination or clarity of mind on the production side the entertainment could have been of the nectar quality of draught Guinness to the thirsty. Only Mr. Leon Cortez, the chairman, really captured the ruby in the brew, for the rest of the company contented themselves with the competent singing of chorus numbers.

I sighed in vain for the reflection of one wink from the past to replace the forty offered by the present. But it was not a wasted evening: the Met audiences are the true stuff of Cockaigne and it is something to stand where Sickert stood and hear the echoes of a lost magic.

—Youngman Carter

DEATHLESS DOWAGER. The revival of *Charley's Aunt* at the Globe Theatre shows this redoubtable female in top fighting form, with Frankie Howerd (as observed in this photograph by Angus McBean) a complete master of the arts of camouflage and persiflage, pursued with all the gusto imaginable. He is supported by an admirable company, with Marjorie Stewart as the genuine lady from Brazil



Cornel Lucas

MAUREEN SWANSON has an important supporting rôle in *A Town Like Alice*, starring Virginia McKenna and Peter Finch, which is adapted from Nevil Shute's well-known novel to be seen in the West End soon. She was formerly a ballet dancer and is at work on a new film called *Jacqueline*. *A Town Like Alice* is a dramatic and original story set in post-war Australia and in the swamps of Malaya during the last war

Television

DRAMATIC BODY BLOWS

STINGING shots may occasionally be scored by either side in the paper battle of popularity statistics between the B.B.C. and I.T.A. But the B.B.C. finished last year with two substantial hits from the drama department, of the solid kind which does more than the best-aimed statistics to influence viewers. These were *The Devil's General*, starring Marius Goring, and *Richard of Bordeaux*, starring Peter Cushing and Jeannette Sterke.

Rudolph Cartier, producer of the former, is of course a veteran TV master, with a long list of hits and scarcely a flop to his record, a name to be invoked by TV stars and their guardians. The full-blooded story of Nazi characters suited his style. And he succeeded in giving this piece of contemporary history as rich a sense of period as that of his most florid costume romances.

Richard of Bordeaux, on the other hand, was produced by Victor Menzies, a much more recent recruit from sound radio, and was awaited with some anxiety by those of us with nostalgic memories of Gielgud.

NO anxiety was called for. Gordon Daviot's play proved to have worn wonderfully well and Menzies' production held a random assortment of guests at my set silent and spellbound. After previously showing promise only in two Max Beerbohm playlets, and the revival of *Idiot's Delight*, he blossoms out as one of the producers whose names rouse hope. The point about both these productions is that they will create months of Sunday goodwill for other B.B.C. plays, such as this Sunday's revival of *Pygmalion* with Pat Kirkwood.

Mai Zetterling becomes one of the main attractions of this week's commercial viewing as the star of Monday's play, *Favonia*, by Lesley Storm. Another irresistible, though mysterious, prospect from I.T.A. is that of Margaret Rutherford, solo, in a "woman's magazine" to-morrow.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Gramophone

A COSMOPOLITAN TOUR

ONE of the surprises of 1955 was reappearance of that ageless character Marlene Dietrich with a remarkable revival of the 'twenties' success "Peter," and an exceptional recording of "Ich Hat' Noch Einen Koffer In Berlin" which completely wiped out all memories of those mediocre discs we have had from her in recent years. (Philips P.B. 472.)

Anton Dotzer offers a selection of Viennese songs "Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein." He is a real musician, whose top notes are always faultlessly correct. It is backed by the Vienna Broadcasting Orchestra, and the Academy Chamber Choir. Although in German, this recording will give infinite pleasure. (Philips BBR. 8039.)

The Trio Los Paraguayos came to Europe to introduce us to some of the music of their country, and in this they succeed. (Philips BBR. 8074.)

THE lovely Greek singer Kitza Kazacos has once and for all time broken down the myth that songs in modern Greek are not commercial. She is now rightly making a considerable name for herself in this country, and though she offers all her songs with supreme elegance, for me it must always be Kazacos in Greek. (M.G.-M. 3060-1.)

Edith Piaf added laurels to her International reputation by her "C'est à Hambourg," "Le 'Ca Ira'" (Columbia DCF. 148), and "Mea Culpa," "Enfin Le Printemps" (Columbia DCF. 141). That fantastic singer Gilbert Bécaud has rightly scored many successes since he began making gramophone records, and I commend for your pleasure his "Pauvre Pêcheur," and "Marianne De Ma Jeunesse." (H.M.V. JOF. 105.)

And perhaps one of the most entrancing offerings from the Continent came from the Bohème Bar Trio, with singer Liane. Here is a cleverly linked collection of ever-popular French tunes, intimately and imaginatively arranged and presented; a delightful *bonne bouche*! (Vanguard PPT. 12003.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Goatherd of the hills Peter (Thomas Klameth) with his charming playmate Heidi (Elsbeth Sigmund)

At the Pictures

SWISS NEAR-MISS

LAST film to scuttle on to the screen as 1955 drew to its close was a sequel to *Heidi*, called *Heidi and Peter*, produced and presented by Mr. Lazar Wechsler, most well-meaning of all Helvetian film-makers. It is with regret I report a Swiss near-miss.

If only Mr. Wechsler had taken the advice we gave him on the previous film, had let his characters speak in their own tongue and provided those of us who are too ignorant to understand it with decent sub-titles, all would have been well. But no: he has again chosen to ruin his pretty little film with very poor, stilted dialogue, very badly dubbed.

THE Swiss Alpine setting, in Eastman Colour, is ravishing, summer or winter—and by way of contrast there are glimpses of the stuffy Edwardian house in Frankfurt where Heidi's rich, crippled friend, Clara (Miss Isa Guenther), frets in her wheel-chair while Heidi (Miss Elsbeth Sigmund) and Peter the goatherd (Master Thomas Klameth) nimble up and down the mountains like chamois.

Clara is at last well enough to pay her long-promised visit to Heidi and her grandpapa (Mr. Heinrich Gretler) in the tiny village which her governess (able comedienne Miss Anita Mey) finds alarmingly barbaric. Heidi, busy with her guest, goes no more a-roving with Peter: he is so disgusted at Clara's monopolising his little girl-friend that he sends her wheel-chair (empty) whizzing down the mountainside to crash in smithereens in a ravine.

Grandpa secretly tells Peter that this is a jolly good thing—and as Grandpa is never wrong, so it turns out to be. Clara finds her feet. When a mountain torrent, swollen by heavy rains, floods the village (a sequence made, I should say, without reference to the Swiss Tourist Bureau), she is even able to help in salvage work.

Despite the Americanisms that mar a sweetly naïve story, I think there is much in the film to be enjoyed by tots of six, or thereabouts.

It is customary at this season to look back over the year gone by—and doing so, I find it was cinematically a pretty satisfactory year, affording pleasure in remembrance and hope for the future.

Indubitably, so far as I am concerned, *Richard III.* is the outstanding film produced in 1955. Never has villainy been more glitteringly flaunted than by Sir Laurence Olivier's superb Richard—never has verse been more beautifully spoken than by Sir John Gielgud as Clarence. The theme is evil, but the production is noble: the picture is in a class of its own.

Leaving the historical for the musical, I recall with a thrill *Carmen Jones* and its electrifying star, Miss Dorothy Dandridge; *A Star is Born*, in which Miss Judy Garland, brilliantly partnered by Mr. James Mason, made her vibrant and exhilarating comeback; and, on the lighter side, *It's Always Fair Weather*, with Mr. Gene Kelly skating like a dream and Mr. Dan Dailey disrupting a dinner-party in a wonderfully drunken moment.

In other categories I would give high marks to *Simba*, dealing squarely with the problem of Mau Mau, to *The Dam Busters* among war films, and to *The Tall Men* representing Westerns.

On the whole, a pleasing year—with only the Grand Guignollery of *The Fiends* to despise and only two monsters to banish to oblivion. Which two? That alligator and—ssh!—Liberace.

—Elsbeth Grant



CLAIRE BLOOM, a portrait by the young Hungarian-born artist, Zsuzsi Roboz. Miss Roboz, who is a pupil of Pietro Annigoni, has been commissioned by Sir Alexander Korda to execute similar portraits of all his London Films contract artists. Miss Bloom is to be seen in the rôle of Lady Anne in Sir Laurence Olivier's *Richard III.*, acclaimed by critics as "Film of the Year."



A CHANCE FOR YOUTH IN SURREY TRIALS

THERE were over 100 entries at the Sherrydan Hunter Trials at Newlands Corner, near Guildford, and many of the competitors were young people who had come from all parts of the county. Above: Becky Rawlence was giving her pony Skippy a congratulatory pat



Virginia Shaw was mounting with the aid of a bale of straw, assisted by Becky Rawlence

Gillian Gray, Alison Mitchell and Caroline Mitchell on their way to the hunter trials

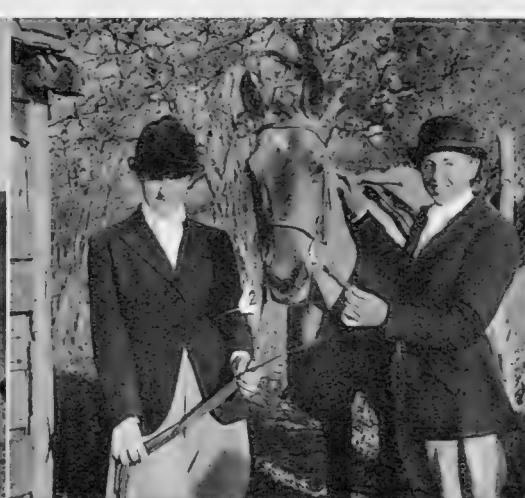


Hilary Adair, Linda Barnett and Gillian Adair inspecting one of the fences. They had come from Bognor Regis with their ponies

Mr. K. Stillwell, winner of the Novice Hunter Trials, Mrs. Stillwell and Julia

Patricia Kimpton and Angela Wallace, with Bver Rabbit and Rosie, waiting to compete

Miss Judy Lissner and Miss Patricia Lissner with Aristocrat were waiting their turn



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Mary Newcomb, Miss Janet Ness, Miss Margaret Martland and Mr. John Newcomb watching an Open event

Captain and Mrs. G. Boone, both well-known riders, with Count Robert Orsich, the noted horseman and judge

Standing By

HOOFBEATS AND HEARTBREAKS

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

POTTERING round on their little thin legs and living most of the year, no doubt, like the eminent Fred Archer, on Toast Melba and castor-oil, jockeys often afford us a sympathetic pang. But when, sooner or later, the successful ones publish memoirs of a petrifying dullness, we think jockeys probably get the kind of life they deserve.

Meditation provoked by a gossip-boy's story about a trainer who said to a diminutive hotel-page some time ago: "You're the right build for a jockey." And a jockey that page now is, apparently, up and coming, with the professional melancholy stamped, we dare say, on his little face already, having long since discovered that racehorses may be called Ocean Wave and Saucy Girl and Rameses III, but never *Filet de Boeuf Rocamadour*. What chiefly makes jockeys look wizened and depressed is the faces of the cash-customers, a trainer tells us. Since they get no help from racing novelists, it seems time some modern Nat Gould had the Derby won in Chap. XLV, by a huge rollicking redfaced 16-stone jockey, riding a 7-hands thunderbolt and laughing all the way.

Sensation

"THEY'RE OFF!" As the deafening roar came from a million throats Lady Angela gasped and fell prostrate. "I thought we'd nobbled him," snarled Drake Carruthers two minutes later, shaking his fist as Fairy Feet (G. Tubby up) shot past the post, the amiable jockey roaring with merriment and kissing his hand to the ladies.

This innovation might mean having to dope the stewards, the Jockey Club, and Messrs. Weatherby into insensibility beforehand no doubt. Well, if it made even one jockey smile. . . .

Romany

"SPIFFING HOLLS!" a Fourth Form girl from the London School of Economics named Myra Fauncethorpe kept shouting at a party the other night, with madcap merriment in her dancing eyes. At the popular Bloomsbury co-ed establishment, she told us, there was many a jolly end-of-term "rag" in dorm., and the new Games Mistress, Miss Horsecough, was debagged in gym.

We asked about those attractive girl gypsies who live in tents round the LSE campus. They "go native" on the last night of term, apparently, tucking their knives into their garters, crying "The hell with Keynes and Tawney!" and taking the open road with wild songs, led by their present queen, Dolores Sidebotham, a dark-eyed little witch from the Triana or gypsy quarter of Leeds. As is well known, marriages "over the tongs" in the Romany fashion are permitted Sixth Form gypsies in the hols., so their return to school from roving with a baby or two tied in a shawl behind their backs may often cause the

Bursar to raise a quizzical but kindly eyebrow. Youth! Youth! The gypsies make a lot of pocketmoney during term by smuggling in banned French yellowbacks on economic themes. Bastiat's sexy thriller, *Zizi, Reine du Crédit*, is a great favourite.

The obverse or dark side of all this scholastic gaiety is, alas, passion and bloodshed. Two handsome, frigid young economists were lately found stabbed near the Laski Chapel, one with boils and the other from the Gold Coast. Youth! Youth!

U

GIVEN a ten-million-dollar Hollywood production in full colour, featuring La Belle Monroe as "Miss Human Species," we'd say a film-script entitled *The Pattern of the Universe*, the author of which was inviting backers to roll up in *The Times* Personal Column recently, could develop into a smash-hit.

Since the scenario deals with the treatment of disease through "mass-study of the human species," good production would require the sex-angle to be given a more or less symbolic twist, we imagine. We see the hero as a handsome, moody, wayward devil of a biologist named Homer Gunch (Erroll Flynn), and in a late sequence we see Miss Human Species half swooning in Gunch's arms but still fighting desperately against total surrender.

Miss H. S. (hoarsely): Listen, rat, so ya saved me, huh? Whaddya think I am—Burma?

(Enter the Vice-President, U.S.A., who decorates Gunch with the Congressional Science Medal and withdraws after a hearty handshake.)

GUNCH (modestly flashing his medal): So what? Miss H. S. (awed): Gee! The pattern of the Universe! (Hits him tenderly with a standard-lamp. Brief fight, long passionate embrace, Gunch falls dead.)

Being Mr. Flynn, Gunch would of course be only apparently out for good. Some biological rival would have attended to a recent highball—the old scientific routine—but he'd soon come back in smashing form to vengeance and glory. The back-room boys could dig up some fresh angles on this (and write to them, willya?).



BRIGGS

by GRAHAM





Mr. John Reddington, Lady Colwyn, Miss Gillian Kelsey, who is Mr. Reddington's fiancée, and Lord Colwyn

Mme. A. Suazo, wife of the Chargé d'Affaires for Honduras, was in a large party with General Shanker of Nepal



Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Mr. G. W. Mackworth-Young and Lady Eve Mackworth-Young at Lady Pulbrook's table



THE LIMELIGHT BALL

LADY PULBROOK, vice-chairman of the Ball committee, draws a winning ticket (above) from the raffle drum, assisted by Mr. McDonald Hobley. This ball at the Savoy Hotel was in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind, and is described by Jennifer on page 44

Miss Tessa Milne and Mr. Paul Buck were two young people dancing the New Year in



Van Hallan

Mrs. John Pettifer and Mr. Ernest Wittmann. This is the third year the Ball has been held



Nevill Clayton

JOY PACKER, who ever since her first spirited autobiographical book *Pack and Follow*, published after the war, has gone from strength to strength, is the South African born wife of Admiral Sir Herbert Packer, former C-in-C., South Atlantic Station. Her later books include *Proud Heritage*, *Apes and Ivory*, and most recently, *Valley of the Vines*. The Packers live at Claremont, in the Cape Province of South Africa.

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

CRIMINAL IN THE FAMILY

FRANK TILSLEY is one of our solid novelists. His books have consistency of a kind which renders them independent of fad or fashion. But sterling qualities do not make him slow-going: on the contrary, he can tell a story as few do these days—commanding, often, a striking dramatic force. And, not least valuable, he has humour. In *THICKER THAN WATER* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.) Mr. Tilsley is at his best. Appropriately, his subject is solidarity.

Family solidarity. This we watch subjected to the most searching test. The Greensmiths (father, mother, two sons, a daughter) are working-class—ambiguous term, these days, when no class in England does not work! They are doing well, when the story opens; in the money, snug in a council house on the outskirts of a Midland industrial town. Then, they are struck amidships.

Have you and I, reading the newspapers,

not wondered what does become of the "good home," the steady obscure family, of some young criminal suddenly in the limelight? Mr. Tilsley shows us. For Sydney—third of the Greensmith boys and, fatally for her and himself, Mum's darling—is arrested. Car banditry in a near-by town has taken toll of a victim. The charge is murder.

I CANNOT make too clear that this is in no sense a crime or mystery story. It studies, rather, the repercussions of crime, and of the publicity which goes with it, on domestic characters. The degrees by which the rest of the Greensmiths first apprehend Syd's danger, then his guilt, are registered in a series of clear-cut scenes. Mr. Tilsley's realism, and naturalism, here triumph—for he has by no means given us an "ideal home." He does not attempt to sell us the poor-but-honest. Dad, a mass of temperament, snappy as a crocodile, is no blameless patriarch. Mum, dear blowsy silly old May,

is a terror if ever there was one. Syd, the show-off, more than takes after Mum.

Bob, eldest boy, in work with a firm of decorators, is full-time married to sexy and tricky Vi—the young couple, failing to get a house, uneasily lodge with Bob's wife's people. Arthur, the black-coated worker, is ambitious: his head is screwed on all right. And romantically ambitious is "our Joan," a seventeen-year-old employed by a beauty parlour. Dad (Alf), a highly-skilled artisan, is himself expecting promotion when the thing breaks. . . . What happens to all these people, because of what has happened, owing to Syd? Greensmith, remember, is a conspicuous surname—as Vi, having acquired it by marriage, complains unceasingly to the suffering Bob.

How fares Joan's courtship by Eric, whose family is middle-class and superior? How is Arthur, as the story spreads, to continue to forge his business career? But most of all, what of the



Clayton Evans

EDWARD HOLSTIUS, the novelist, photographed in the library of his house in Chelsea. He has recently published a book called *Summer Story* with Heinemann. Since the war he has spent some years in Hollywood, where his best-seller, *Angel's Flight*, was filmed. Later he lived in a small village on the Pacific coast, from which may well derive the inspiration of his new novel. He returned to England in 1953 and published *Brother Devil* the following year

Greensmiths as a tight-bound family? Meal after meal, at the end of each day's ordeal, Alf, May, Arthur, Joan meet round the same table. Night by night, as formerly, Bob and the dubious Vi slope in to look at the television. The obsessing and constant question is—will Mum crack?

MUM all the more tears our hearts by being a potentially comic figure. Dickens could hardly have bettered this ageing, incorrigible dream-girl, gallant, pouchy under her strident make-up, and with a total imperviousness to reality. Her husband's attitude to her is one of the noblest things in a noble story. For *Thicker than Water* is exactly that. In the telling, nothing is lugubrious, overstrained or, for a moment, cheap-sentimental. When the worst looks like happening, the Greensmiths are at their worst—they all but split apart, they fly off at ugly tangents. When the worst happens, they are at their best; moreover, at a best they had never glimpsed. One and all, they transcend themselves: one is proud to know them.

Thicker than Water is so good a novel that one is loath to speak of it as a social document. Here, none the less, is an unbiased picture of the Welfare State, opportunities balanced against abysmic perils. Council housing, we learn from studying Syd, raises no fewer playboys than did Mayfair. And Syd is, maybe, a degree worse; he's a product of

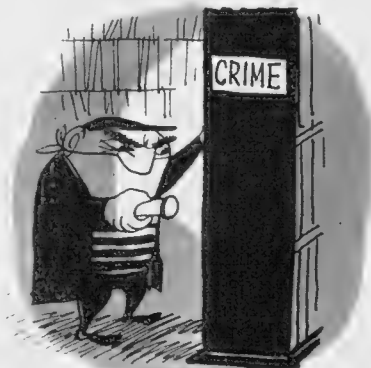
"tolerant" education, and Society has, so far, been one big Mum to him. (See the first-rate analysis on page 239.) Dear Syd, he'd do anything for a lark!

★ ★ ★
FRANCES GRAY PATTON's world-loved *Good Morning, Miss Dove*, has had a still better successor.

A PIECE OF LUCK (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories. Let's be clear about this: short stories are *not*, dear reader, novelists' by-products, dashed off in lighter moments to placate magazines or increase bank balances! Short-story writing is an aim, an art in itself—now and then, such a writer throws off a novel; and let us be glad Mrs. Patton threw off the superb

Miss Dove. But the short story, still, is this author's natural vein. And at her best how satisfying is Mrs. Patton!

To say that each piece in *A Piece of Luck* is a novel in miniature could be true. In five or six pages we have a round situation, a set of characters brought to complete life, and with them further destinies suggested. We *imagine* ourselves to have been told more than we are. The secret is, little important touches—a hint doing duty for an entire paragraph. Children and young persons (or, more cosily, schoolgirls, naïve débutantes, eager or wary college boys) are Mrs. Patton's outstanding subject. She is, as we know, American, and America certainly excels in studies of adolescent crisis—whether viewed from without or felt from within.



COMELY, middle-aged people are present also—though, usually, in relationship to the young. (*Mothers and Daughters*, *The Second-Grade Mind* and *A Spring Motif* are examples.) In *The Game* and *Loving Hands at Home*, we have women shown up, disconcertingly, by memories of their own far-off days: can one's young self, reappearing unasked, be still more unnerving than one's own child? Insight into the junior male, whether small boy, student or fledgling soldier, comes with *The Homunculus*, *The Man Jones* and *A Little Obvious*. *The Mimosa Blight* introduces an English clergyman at a Virginian cocktail party.

Motoring

IMPROVE THOSE DIARIES

LOOKING a gift diary in the mouth is not to be encouraged; but I feel compelled to utter a mild criticism of the large majority of the diaries that have been sent me this year. It concerns their value to a person interested in motoring.

It is agreeable, no doubt, to be informed of the date of Lammas Day, of the opening of grouse shooting, of Rogation Day and the Law sittings; but what I want to have by me in my diary is a reference to the dates of the Grand Prix races, of Le Mans and of the motor shows in different parts of the world.

Surely it would be worth while for some enterprising diary-maker to fill in the facts that are of interest to motorists. In the opening pages of dozens of diaries we have, of course, the metric conversions; but even these are open to criticism. Few diary-makers seem to be sure, for instance, about the spellings. Some use "kilogramme" while others use "kilogram," and there is a lamentable lack of appreciation that the U.S. gallon is totally different from the British and cannot be converted into litres on the same table.

The small maps are probably useful, as are the mileage tables. But it is impossible not to gain the impression that those who are kind enough to send diaries to their friends should have a better chance of fitting the diary to the friend's tastes and activities.

I SHALL not be going out to Monte Carlo for the Rally this year, and must therefore await the return of entrants in order to obtain facts about the road section and tests. It was alarming, however, to see in a certain periodical the other day the advice that ordinary motorists, when negotiating corners on slippery and ice-bound roads, should think of the Rallye drivers and try to keep the speed high.

The rally driver is engaged on a competitive enterprise; but the ordinary motorist is not, or, at any rate, ought not to be. To slide into the ditch in the course of a rally is annoying, but not necessarily a sign of bad driving; but to slide into the ditch or into another car during ordinary motoring is a sign of bad driving. In fact, the margins between skid and no-skid ought always to be kept wider in ordinary motoring than in rally driving. It is wrong to recommend motorists to imitate the actions of the rallyists.

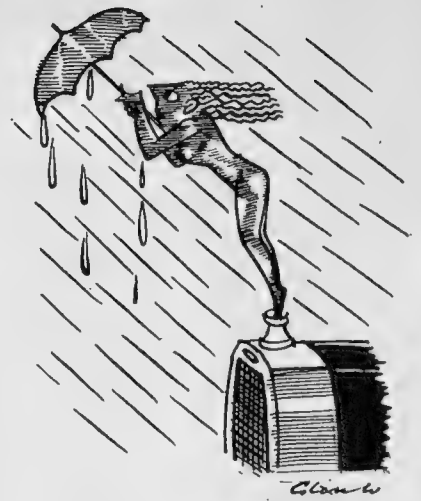
Let us all try to learn from the rally experts; but do not let us try to imitate them in matters of average speed or speeds on corners.

At last the line-up for the 1956 races becomes clearer. The Peter Collins decision came as a surprise, to me at any rate. What with Collins and Fangio, the Ferrari effort has the appearance of regaining all its old vigour, and the signs are that, although the absence of Mercedes must be regretted, racing in 1956 will be the best we have had for years. There should be teams evenly enough matched to provide the better kind of contest.

THE invention of entirely new and "revolutionary" engines is becoming a habit, if not a bore. We had hardly finished marvelling at the Ferguson project when we began reading about the new Bradshaw engine.

Where remarkable new designs are offered to the public, the only ready way of estimating their merits is to look into history and see what has been done before on similar lines. The Bradshaw engine is to the designs of one who did some original and interesting work on motor-bicycle engines some years ago. He is both a thinker and a designer, and therefore his work commands respect.

But, in motoring as in aviation, it must always remain true that the project and the patent are as nothing to the production

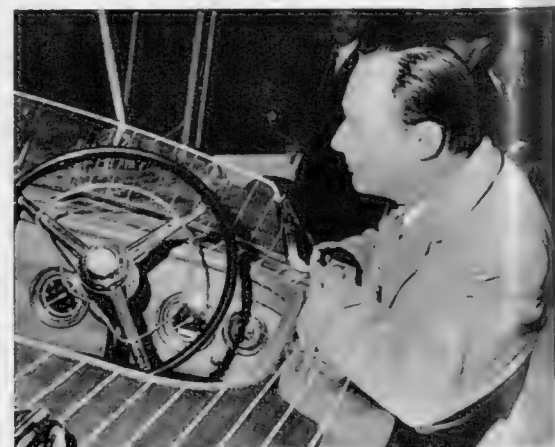


article. Motoring has seen so many brilliant ideas come to nothing that one becomes chary of accepting them. That does not mean, however, that there is no room for, and no possibility of, an entirely new kind of engine. The opposed piston, pressure-fed (not supercharged) two-stroke Diesel, for instance, is a kind of engine that ought to be developed for the private motor-car; for it *must* be basically a more trustworthy engine than the conventional unit. Not only does it dispense with an ignition system, but it also dispenses with a valve-operating system. So let us look with cautious optimism at all these novel designs and hope that one of them may one day become available in an ordinary production motor-car.

MINISTERS come and go, but road-building does not move any faster. It seemed a pity that the holder of the office of Minister of Transport should be changed just when Mr. Boyd-Carpenter had gone so far in grappling with the difficult problems of road works. Nevertheless, there is room for more effort in this direction, and one can only wish the new Minister the best possible luck in his difficult task.

Luck, however, will not be enough. There must also be an absolute and unswerving determination to improve the roads of this country and to fight all the Government and non-Government departments and people who would set obstacles in the way of further and faster road construction.

—Oliver Stewart



INTERESTED SPECTATORS VISITING THE NATIONAL BOAT SHOW, HELD AT OLYMPIA

Maxwell aged four, and Laura two, the children of the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken, try out the Braycraft-Swift Runabout

Mr. David Brown, Mrs. Max Aitken, the Hon. Max Aitken, Lt.-Cdr. Bray, R.N.V.R. (Retd.), and the Marquess of Camden

Mr. Donald Campbell, home from America for a short time after his great achievement of the world water speed record, was an early visitor



YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS DANCED IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

MORE than 400 guests enjoyed dancing to the music of the Royal Artillery band at the Winter Ball given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club at its Knightsbridge headquarters. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Thomson, Miss Joanna Fairtlough and Mr. Michael Bridges Webb were admiring the club's handsome trophies

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Bowden with Mr. Jim Bowden in the bar. The ball was held the night before New Year's Eve

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert James Franklin were going up the main staircase past the fine collection of marine paintings



Gabor Denes

At a table on the edge of the dance floor: Mr. Jack Palmer, Mrs. Stuart Bennett, Mrs. Palmer and Mr. Stuart Bennett

Mr. Charles Read, Mrs. Roy Marshall, Mrs. (Dr.) Read, Mr. and Mrs. F. Alex Haworth, and Mr. Roy Marshall



TALKING to Court ladies at the opera, this visitor wears a coat-dress by Jacques Fath of green and red tartan flecked with blue and a lighter red. The little round hat and the stole, which is tied in a bow at the shoulder, are made of green-dyed astrakhan



LEFT, a visitor is seen with two courtiers. She is wearing Christian Dior's royal blue Shetland wool caftan which buttons down the back and is split right up the front, over a dress of the same material. The little hat is made of black melusine. Above: Jacques Fath's horizon-blue tweed suit has a scarf collar trimmed with beaver to match the hat and cuff linings

AN ADVENTURE AT VERSAILLES

Couturier woollens meet Court silks on the set of "Marie Antoinette"

THESE photographs, taken in Paris (writes Mariel Deans) on the set of Jean Delannoy's forthcoming film *Marie Antoinette*, show some women visitors to the studio who are wearing the very newest woollen suits by top French couturiers Balmain, Dior and Fath. These contrast sharply with the stiff brocades and satins of the lovely eighteenth-century costumes, which were designed by Benda



Robert Doisneau



Continuing—

ADVENTURE AT VERSAILLES

Above: Pierre Balmain's two-piece suit in chestnut brown tweed has a three-quarter length jacket lined with beaver. The dress has a buttoned front panel and a hip band which makes it look like a jumper-suit

Above right: A two-piece suit by Christian Dior in muted-toned, Paisley-printed wool, the predominating colour of which is strawberry pink. The collar of the jacket, which is cut well away from the neck, is trimmed with wild mink. The felt hat is pale almond green

Woollen suits of Paris Couturiers are shown at the Court



Right: A suit in pale mauve Shetland tweed by Pierre Balmain. The jacket buttons up to the neck, and the pockets are low on the hips. The hat and tweed-lined coat are mink. In the foreground is Michèle Morgan, who takes the part of Marie Antoinette, the Queen

f Louis Seize



Clayton Evans

DOUBLE LIFE TWO-PIECE

THE two-piece by Horrockses opposite is made of a grey-beige cotton that looks like tweed. Plain and well cut, it makes a pretty house dress now, worn with or without its coat, and will later be endlessly useful for all-day-long wear during a London summer. It costs 9 gns. and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's County shops, some of whom also have the hat. These photographs were taken at the Arthur Jeffress Galleries in Brook Street during the exhibition of Berkeley Sutcliffe's work. Below: The sleeveless dress without its loose-fitting jacket. Notice the deeply scooped neckline and the clever darting on the bodice. Left: The pretty beige felt hat is a Town and Country model by Hugh Beresford. It has a fringed brim and a strap trimming across the crown. It costs 5 gns.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

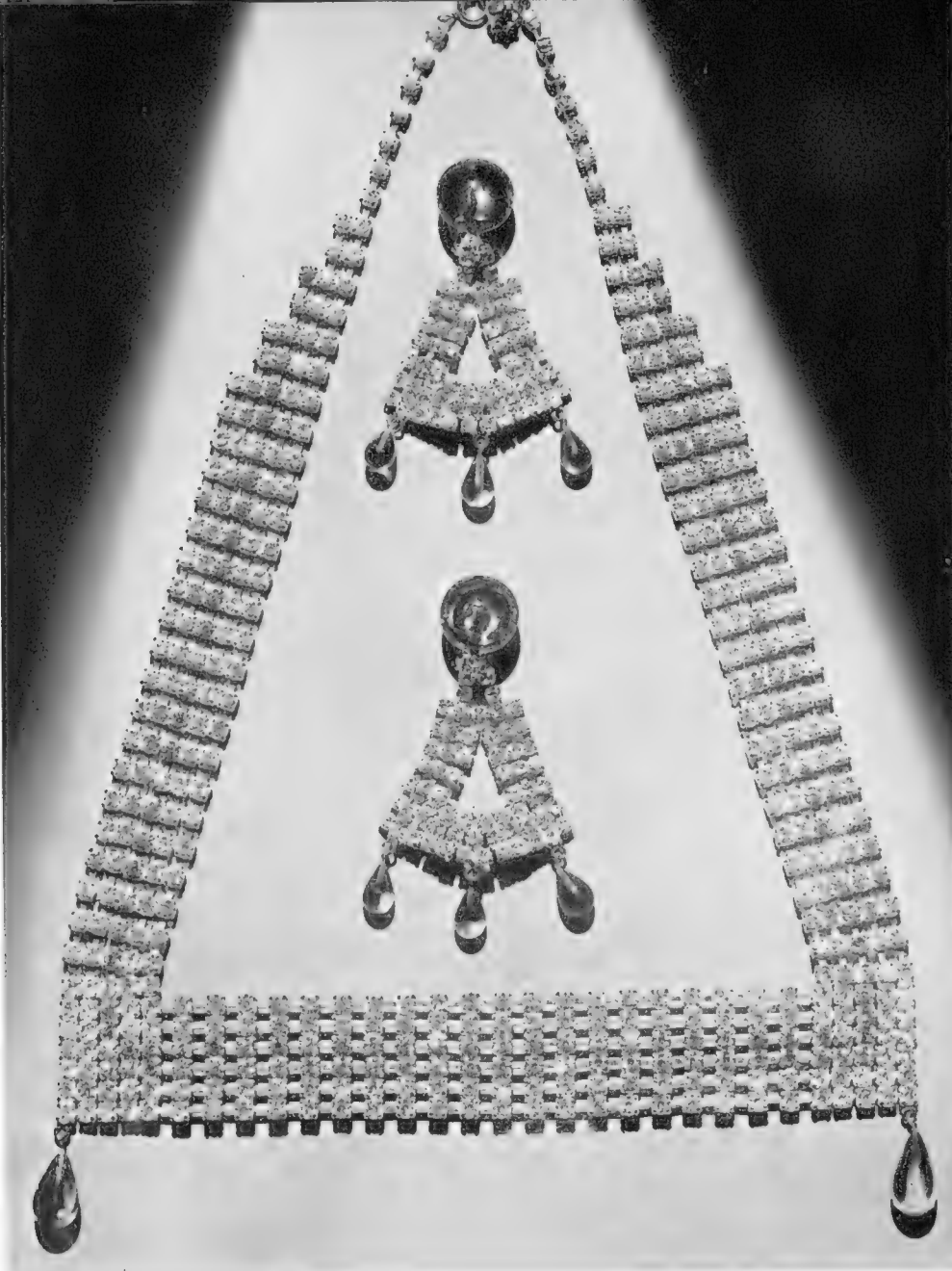
by Mariel Deans





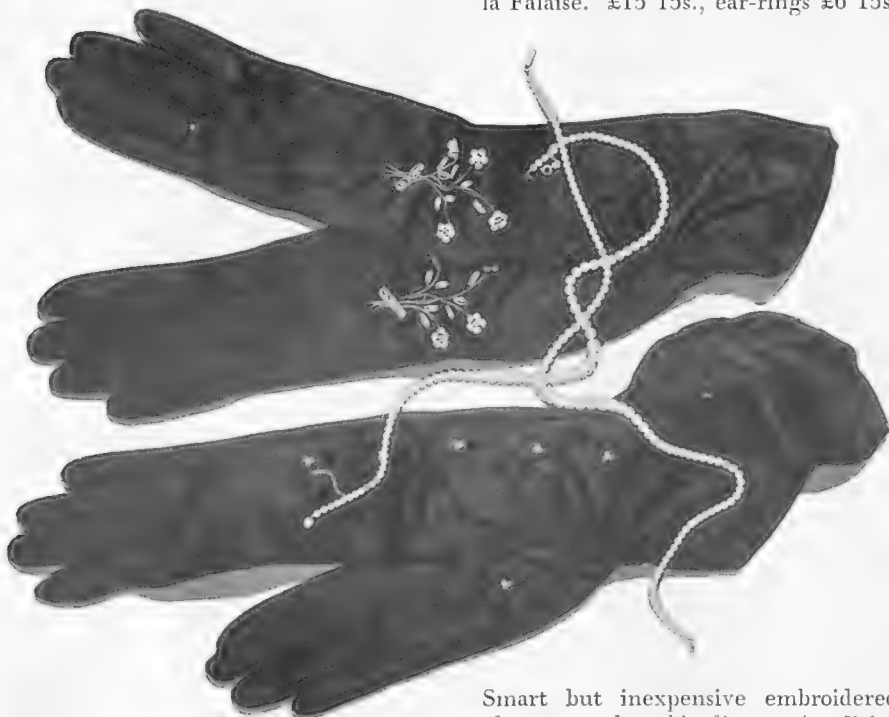
A gem-studded party season

THESE new accessories for evening wear during the current party season all have their touch of luxury, often expressed by a quickening gleam of jewellery
— JEAN CLELAND



Dennis Smith

New shape necklace for the square neckline, designed exclusively for Marshall and Snelgrove by Maxine de la Falaise. £15 15s., ear-rings £6 15s.



Smart but inexpensive embroidered gloves, pearl, gold, diamanté. Price £1 10s. 9d. Jet diamanté £1 1s. These, too, are from Marshall and Snelgrove



One of Stratton's delightful little boxes for carrying pills or saccharine. Various colours, price 6s., from Harvey Nichols

A beautiful silk evening bag with gilt jewelled top. Price £19 19s. 6d. It is obtainable from French of London





Two unusual and very attractive evening cigarette cases, square shape, £6 6s., cylinder shape, £4 5s. Marshall and Snelgrove

Evening bag in charming bead design. Colours: bronze, gunmetal, grey, black. £10 18s. 6d., Debenham and Freebody



A distinctive Thirkell scarf with original "Sea Horses" design, to be had in a variety of shades. From most leading stores, £5 5s.

A little Italian silk evening bag, distinctive both in shape and surface pattern. £12 19s. 6d. from French of London





These French of London brushes have a detachable rubber cushion. The hog's bristle brush costs £2 10s. and the ball pointed nylon is priced at £1 11s. 6d.



Coty's new "Twistick" of solid Cologne. Also in many other of the famous Coty scents. Price 7s. 11d.



Johnson's new "Baby Shampoo" which does not sting the eyes. It may be obtained from all good chemists



Beauty

Jean Cleland

Young as the year

THE first month of a new year seems an appropriate moment to acquaint you with some of the new beauty products that have recently made a bow.

I have been very intrigued with something completely new from Coty's called a "Twistick," which very aptly describes it. It is a solid perfume Cologne, which twists up like a lipstick. There is no foil to peel off, and the elegant little plastic case is unbreakable, and has an airtight screw cap. You can get it in a choice of many Coty perfumes, and it costs 7s. 11d.

Talking of Cologne, there is welcome news from Les Parfums Jacques Fath that their lovely "Eau-de-Cologne" can now be had in a popular packing at 17s. 6d. Look out for it at Harrods, Harvey Nichols and Fortnum & Mason's.

News for young mothers, or for any of you who have friends with small babies, is of Johnson's new "Baby Shampoo," the first to be made in England especially for babies. Suitable for either dry or oily scalps, an outstanding feature of this shampoo is that it *does not sting the eyes*. I wish it had been on the market when I was a small girl. It is sold in two sizes: a sachet costs 9d., and the price of the family size bottle is 3s. 6d.

SOMETHING likely to prove a boon for older people is Ann Graham's new "Vibrette," which enables one to give oneself a really professional facial treatment with electro-vibro massage at home. This most effective little affair, packed in a neat case for travelling, is supplied with three separate heads, for three separate treatments. (1) A sponge head for the face, which, by gently vibrating the skin to stimulate the circulation, is excellent for smoothing out fine lines and wrinkles and for use on the forehead to disperse a headache. (2) Another head with little "teeth" for massaging the scalp. (3) A "cup" head for tired feet and ankles, and for firming up upper arms that have become flabby. You can do so many things with this little "Vibrette," and have not only considerable benefit, but a lot of fun trying them out.

Latest news from the Crookes Laboratories (whose hand lotion is already well-known) is of a new hand cream, which, richly emollient, is not only soothing and healing to the skin, but very good for dry cuticles that are easily cracked. Rubbed in after washing and worked into the base of the nails it helps to prevent splitting. It is packed in a tube that will not squash, so that it can be carried in the handbag, and costs 2s. 7d.

As we all know, there are various ways of removing hair from the legs. Many people swear by the wax treatment, others prefer shaving. Not long ago I went to the Dorchester Hotel to see a demonstration of the new Remington "Super 60" electric shaver, during which three flourishing and extremely strong-looking beards were shaved off with incredible speed. Everyone agreed that the shave given by this razor was close and fine, and that the skin was left wonderfully smooth and hairless.

In another room we were then shown hair being shaved from the legs of an attractive model. In this, the electric shaver proved equally effective in dealing with soft, fine hair as with a strong growth. One of the demonstrators declared that it was sensitive enough to take the fuzz off a peach. A good buy—so it seemed to me—for either sex.

FRENCH of London is well known, not only for his art in hair styling, but for his extensive use of the hair brush—his Brush Set. For setting and placing coiffures in his salon he uses his own special brush, which he has recently added to his range of hair preparations. This can now be bought for use at home, and provides an excellent way of giving oneself brush massage. These brushes are light to hold, and have a detachable rubber cushion for easy cleaning.



Eric Ager

Miss Shirley Cornelia Waters, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Waters, of Northampton, is engaged to Mr. Charles John Jessel, of South Hill Farm, Hastingleigh, Ashford, Kent, only son of Sir George Jessel, Bt., M.C., of Goudhurst, Kent, and the late Lady Jessel



Pearl Freeman

Miss Brenda Mary Stafford, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Stafford, of Knockmartin, Croham Manor Road, South Croydon, is engaged to Mr. Peter Deitsch, son of Mr. Alan Deitsch, of New York, and Mrs. D. H. Silberberg, of New York



Yevonde

Miss Elizabeth Anne Messel, elder daughter of Mrs. T. A. Renshaw, of Stayer House, Eye, Suffolk, and of Col. Linley Messel, has announced her engagement to Mr. Ian Berkeley Church, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Church, of Gayton Manor, Northamptonshire

Lady Sylvia Harris, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, of Newnham House, Basingstoke, Hampshire, is to marry Mr. John Newcombe Maltby, son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Paul Maltby, K.B.E., D.S.O., and Lady Maltby, of the Old Rectory, Rotherwick, Basingstoke, Hants

Lenore

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenore

Miss Alison Black, only daughter of the late Dr. G. D. R. Black, O.B.E., of Hong Kong, and Mrs. Black, of Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7, is to marry Lt.-Col. Henry Gale Stewart Burkitt, late Indian Army, eldest son of Mr. H. Burkitt and the late Mrs. Burkitt, of Grange Hill, Bishop Auckland, Durham



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Jean McCorquodale, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McCorquodale, of Farnbridge Hall, White Notley, Essex, is engaged to marry Lord Denham, only surviving son of the late Lord Denham, M.C., and of Lady Denham, of Springfield, Olney, Buckinghamshire



FREDERICK BOND has been associated with Emberson's Wine Lodges for many years, and is now manager of The Sherry Bar in Pelham Street, South Kensington, where this photograph was taken

DINING IN

Fenugreek and Cassia

MUCH as I like curries and would like to write of them, I hesitate to pronounce on even the simplest of them because, not having been in India or Pakistan, I am at a disadvantage. Here in London, however, we have the means of learning enough to present the food of many lands, as London is a city of many nations.

Having heard of The Spice Box in Kensington, I journeyed there quite a long time ago and learned from the proprietor, Mr. J. R. Mody (who also owns a nearby restaurant where the classic dishes of his country are served), much useful information. I finished up by watching his chef at work.

Curry powder is a mixture of spice seeds, pods and barks—exotic, aromatic stuffs. Typical proportions are one part each of black pepper, grey cardoman seeds, white cardoman seeds, cloves, mace, fenugreek seed and turmeric, two parts each of chillies, cassia and cumin seed, and six parts coriander seed. Sometimes, for a "hotter" powder, I add a little extra chilli powder.

CURRY powder, Mr. Mody assured me, should be as fresh as possible and what is not immediately used should be stored in airtight jars.

A curry should start with raw materials, but I do not expect that anyone who has always made meat curry with the remainder of a joint will change her practice.

Here is a Beef Curry which I have made ever since Mr. Mody gave me his recipe:

For 4 to 5 persons, cut 1½ to 1½ lb. beef steak into suitable pieces. Wash and drain them. Gently simmer 1 to 2 thinly sliced onions in 1 oz. ghee. (This is clarified butter—that is, butter which has been very gently heated until all moisture is evaporated, then strained through a cloth for use. Anyone making curry frequently might make a batch of ghee and keep it on hand.) Add 1 to 2 chopped cloves of garlic.

When the onions are translucent, add the meat and cook it all over to a golden tone. Work in and cook, stirring frequently, 2 tablespoons curry-powder, pungent or mild, then work in a good tablespoon of tomato purée and cook for a few minutes before adding up to a pint of meat or vegetable stock. Cover and simmer slowly for upwards of an hour, stirring from time to time but never allowing the mixture to boil.

SEASON with salt to taste. When fresh coconuts are available, a little coconut milk can be added or, if you like, a pinch or two of coconut flour, together with a little finely shredded green ginger. Add no other flour as curry, when cooked sufficiently, will be thick enough.

Serve with boiled rice and such "extras" as poppadums, Bombay duck and mango chutney. You can now buy Patna rice for 1s. 4d. a pound and, what is even better—valued for its perfect flavour—Basmati rice, from Bengal, for 1s. 8d. a pound.

Here is a "dry" Vegetable Curry for four:

Melt 2 oz. butter. Sprinkle a tablespoon of curry powder into it. Add 1 lb. very thinly sliced onions, ½ lb. quartered skinned tomatoes, ½ lb. sliced peeled potatoes, ½ lb. peas and a small head of cauliflower, divided into flowerlets. Sprinkle with salt to taste and cook gently with a tablespoon or so of water (if the vegetables themselves do not supply sufficient moisture). Keep moving and turning them so that they are all evenly cooked. Serve with boiled rice.

For Egg Curry, follow the Beef Curry recipe, omitting the meat and reducing the amount of sauce as the dish does not need to be cooked so long. Hard-boil 6 to 8 eggs, cut them in halves, then place them in the curry sauce for a few minutes. Again, serve with dry boiled rice.

Indian Cooking, by Savitri Chowdhary (Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) is a very good little book which I can recommend. I like it because the recipes are set out much in the same manner as in our own cookery books. This makes them so much easier to follow than those in another book I value but which turns me into a research student every time I refer to it.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Holidaytime round-up

INCIDENTS over the holidays are still fresh in one's mind and there is no doubt that outstanding efforts were made by some hotels to give their guests seasonable fare in the grand manner, while many inns went out of their way to provide a warm welcome and hospitality.

I very much doubt if anybody did better than innkeepers Phyl and Ewan Shaw at the Cross Hands Hotel, at Old Sodbury in Gloucestershire. They had five separate bills of fare, beautifully produced, with different menus for each meal, giving an astonishing choice of all the best in English food. There was poached Tay salmon, Devonian lobster, prime cuts of roast beef from the champion fat stock heifer bred and fattened by the Duke of Beaufort; roast Gloucester turkeys, saddle of Cotswold Downs lamb, boar's head, home fed pork and sucking-pigs, all this backed up by one of the finest and largest cellars in the West Country.

The food, as the bill of fare declares, is "prepared for your pleasure by British and Continental Chefs of distinction," such as Joseph Catania, L. C. Young and H. M. Glaser, with *maitre d'hôtel* T. H. Bentley Gouldstone making sure that everything got to the right people at the right time, at the right temperature, and in good order. The Shaws also give a party to over one hundred of their regular customers every year in the cellars, which used to be the prison cells.

ANOTHER hotel which put on some excellent food and which has built up a considerable reputation for the quality of its cuisine is the Maiden's Head at Uckfield in Sussex, directed by its proprietor, Mr. Price Jones. For example, at dinner on December 27 one could have a choice of boiled Scotch salmon, Lobster Cardinal, roast pheasant, roast duck and orange, roast goose *à la Broche* and roast *Turkey Provençale*. Here there is a short but adequate wine list.

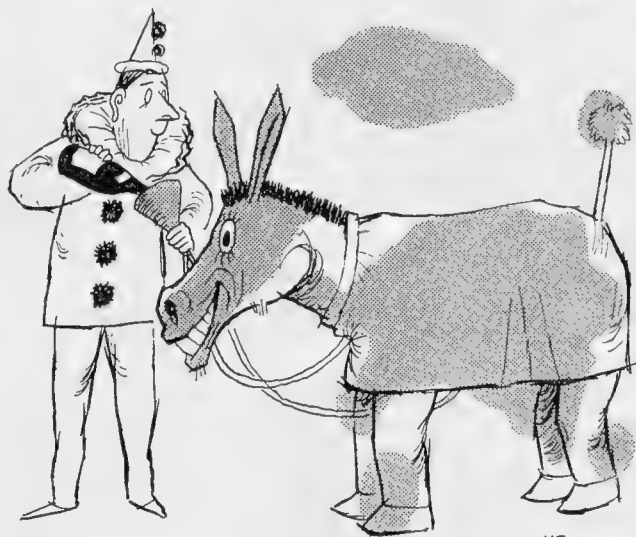
Talking of pubs and the Christmas and New Year holiday, I have from time to time run into Jonah Barrington having a glass of this or that in various inns in the south country, but I did not expect when I went into the Rose and Crown at Fletching, which is not far from Uckfield, to find him serving behind the bar and to discover that he was the landlord of the inn. It is a gay little pub with a fine open fireplace in the public bar. By way of food he specializes in Cornish pasties and sausages, made for him by a neighbouring butcher.

WHEN I went into Ronald Shiner's pub Blackboys, also near Uckfield, I saw a familiar beard tilted skywards belonging to Charles Massey, who operates with great success Charco's Grill in Bray Place off Sloane Avenue. It is over a year since I have been there but I have heard that it has been going from strength to strength and the quality has never faltered, which is a fine thing. I asked Massey if he had made a fortune and retired to the country, but, to the contrary, he has acquired his own farm where he turns out up to two hundred special spring chickens per week for use on his own spit grills at Charco's, the farm being run by his partner, Mrs. Joan Haigh.

The chickens, which are specially fed to the methods employed in rearing the famous *Poulet de Bresse*, are of such succulence that they have become the favourite item on his menu, but you can't live on chicken for ever, and the steaks are still superb. It is certainly true that this restaurant got a licence.

Another hotel which has become very progressive and developed a lot of sparkle is Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel at East Grinstead, this being largely due to the fact that Olive and Harry Gatward, the owners, have recently taken a great personal interest in its operation and have developed a very fine team spirit among the entire staff, which includes such enthusiasts as Charles Jones, the restaurant manager, Mrs. Ann Standen, the catering manageress, and the two *maitre chefs*, Albert Daxis and Donald Woodward, who have worked there in the greatest possible harmony together for over six years, the cuisine being English and French. The fame of their steak, kidney and mushroom pudding has spread for miles around. A first-class and expensive snackbar specializing in Dublin Bay prawns, lobsters, oysters, crabs and caviare, is in the course of construction.

—I. Bickerstaff



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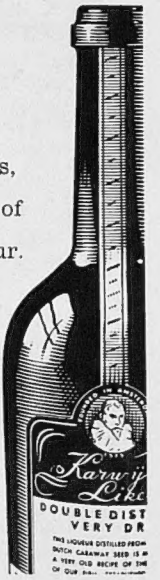
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THEY WERE MARRIED

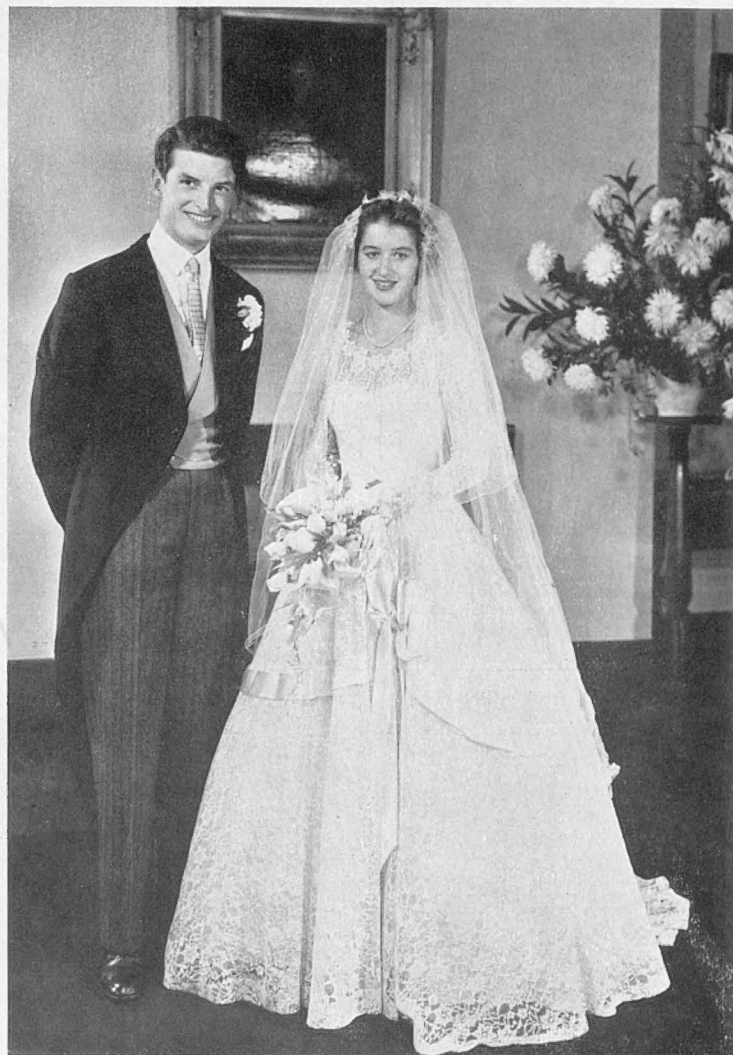


(Left)
Holland-Martin—Grant. Mr. Edward Holland-Martin, of Overbury Court, near Tewkesbury, Glos., eldest surviving son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holland-Martin, married Miss Dagny Mary Maclean Grant, younger daughter of Major J. M. Grant and the late Mrs. Horace Webber, at St. Magnus the Martyr, Lower Thames Street



Hopkins—Cameron. Mr. David Sime Borrough Hopkins, of The Priest's House, Stockfield Park, Wetherby, Yorks., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hopkins, of Budleigh Salterton, married Miss Jennifer Isabel Cameron, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cameron, of Cowesby Hall, Yorkshire, at Leake (Thirsk) Church

(Right)
Lindley-Douty. Lt. John Gordon Lindley, Royal Navy, son of the late Mr. Gordon Lindley, M.C., and Mrs. A. N. Melvin, of Thornyhill, Burley-in-Wharfedale, married Miss Juliette Eleanor Syme Douty, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Douty, and of Mrs. Cecil Hannam, of Wharfeside, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Weld—Binny. Lt. Wilfrid Joseph Weld, the Queen's Bays, son of Col. and Mrs. J. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, married Miss Joanna Mary Binny, daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. A. G. Binny, of Shorncliffe, Kent, in the private chapel at Lulworth Castle



(Left)
Pepper-Pegley. Mr. Edward Pepper, elder son of Mrs. Mary E. Pepper, of Fourways, Blackheath, London, S.E.3, married Miss Diane Pegley, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pegley, of Woodside House, Wimbledon, S.W.19, at St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon

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